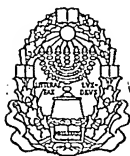


CHRIST ABOVE ALL

The Message of Cleveland

A Report of the Methodist Youth Conference
Cleveland, Ohio, December 30, 1947-January 2, 1948

Edited by
HOOVER RUPERT



ABINGDON-COKESBURY PRESS
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CHRIST ABOVE ALL
THE MESSAGE OF CLEVELAND

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INTRODUCTION

Eleven thousand people stood vigorously applauding the great concert artist. He had just concluded the final number in an evening of music which was superb in its artistry and deeply spiritual in its emotional impact. The man who had so completely captivated the entire crowd with his singing returned to the platform for an encore number. The audience sat down. Above the noise of the momentary confusion, a voice called out from far in the back balcony, "Sing 'Ole Man River!'" Mr. Roland Hayes stepped to the microphone and answered, "There is one greater than he. I shall sing 'Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?'" The eloquence of this sentence sermon was vivified as he sang for these thousands of Methodist youth this moving and meaningful Negro spiritual.

This was one of scores of rich experiences which occurred in the lives of approximately ten thousand youth and over one thousand of their adult leaders who gathered at the Public Auditorium in Cleveland, Ohio, December 30, 1947, to January 2, 1948, for the Methodist Youth Conference. They came from every state in the Union, representing every one of the 105 annual conferences of American Methodism. They found there representatives from more than fifteen other nations, twenty-four members of the Council of Bishops, youth leaders from the national staffs, and more than two hundred participants in the four-day program.

These youth represented more than two million members of the Methodist Youth Fellowship. They participated in the

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largest representative Methodist gathering in many decades, and the largest Methodist youth conference in more than forty years. Held under the auspices of the denomination's Board of Education, direction for the Conference was placed in the hands of the Reverend Joseph W. Bell, a member of the staff of the Youth Department in the Division of the Local Church. His time and efforts for eighteen months were devoted to planning and preparing for this great event. He was joined in this responsibility by the staff and secretaries of the Youth Department as well as many from the Division staff.

The response to and results of the Methodist Youth Conference have been nothing short of phenomenal. Lives were changed, decisions were made, dedications renewed, and spiritual impacts felt in youthful lives, all of which will have continuing effect on the Methodist Youth Fellowship and the entire church. Within a month's time after the close of the Conference, more than one half of the charges of The Methodist Church had received a personal report from a Cleveland Conference delegate. At this writing the direct follow-up program is still strongly in progress with fellowship teams visiting every nook and corner of the denomination with the message of Cleveland.

A pictorial report of the Conference has been issued with a graphic record of outstanding events in the Conference. Limitations of space in the pictorial report made impossible the inclusion of the full content of the addresses presented at the Conference, although excerpts from the major presentations were included in the script of the pictorial record.

This book comes in response to an avalanche of requests for the detailed contents of the message of Cleveland. It is designed to supplement the pictorial report so that every interested person, in addition to the Conference delegates, may have a record of the Methodist Youth Conference in picture and in word.

In addition, three purposes prompt the publication of this compilation of the presentations at Cleveland. First, it is our design to help keep alive the tremendous *inspiration* of the

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Cleveland Conference. Many hundreds of lives were claimed for Christ and the Christian life because of the messages contained in this volume. While it is difficult indeed to capture on the written page the inspiration of words given in a message to eleven thousand people in an auditorium a city-block square in size, yet the eternal truth contained in them, as well as the power of recall they have for every delegate, justify the hope that they can keep vitally alive the inspiration of the Conference.

A second purpose is to *spread the information and enthusiasm* of Cleveland far beyond the persons who were present in the Conference. They themselves are doing that in the thousands of churches which had representatives at Cleveland. But here is an opportunity for youth and adults alike who were not present to read the ringing challenge of the messages of many of the outstanding leaders of the church. Placing these words of inspiration between the covers of this book will bring them directly to thousands of youth who wanted to come to Cleveland but were unable to do so.

"Christ Above All" was the theme of the Conference. Selected in part because it is the motto of the Methodist Youth Fellowship, this theme has come alive as never before. More than words, more than a motto, more even than a theme, "Christ Above All" is a reality in thousands of lives today because of the Cleveland Conference. A third hope that goes out with this book is that it will help *this flame of faith spread* throughout the nation and the world. Methodist youth met at Cleveland at the close of one year and the beginning of another. At the very moment the new year began 10,900 persons participated in receiving the elements of Holy Communion. In absolute silence they shared the fellowship of the Master, and flames of faith in Christ as being above all else in life were lighted on the Communion altar of the largest simultaneous partaking of the Communion elements in modern Methodist history. Those flames of faith have been carried all over the world since Cleveland, and it is the

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purpose of this effort to kindle new flames wherever this message may be read.

The reader will observe that the addresses and presentations have been kept in the form in which they were given at Cleveland. Whatever may have been sacrificed in literary technique will find compensation in the flavor of the Conference as it comes out in the messages. Some of the messages are reproduced from manuscripts furnished by the speakers. Others are based on wire recordings made at the time the addresses were presented in the Conference.

The sections of the book correspond to the general themes of the Conference. To the platform addresses presented before the entire Conference have been added, in sections two and three, selected addresses made before afternoon groups, including the Council of Bishops' Hour, the Methodist Youth Fund in Action Group, and the Group for Adult Workers With Youth. Section four contains the eight addresses made before the entire Conference by representatives of the Methodist Youth Fellowship delegation to the World Conference of Christian Youth held in Oslo, Norway, July, 1947.

For a complete picture of the Methodist Youth Conference, the reader is referred, in addition to the Pictorial Report already mentioned, to phonograph recordings which have been made of several of the presentations at the Conference, to a filmstrip with accompanying script on the Conference, and to a special edition of the *Methodist Youth Fund Bulletin*. Information on securing any of these may be had by writing the Youth Department, 810 Broadway, Nashville 2, Tennessee.

Special words of appreciation are due to the many hundreds of persons who made possible the Cleveland Conference. It is impossible to name here all who shared in this tremendous venture—the general boards and agencies of the church and their personnel, the annual conference educational staffs, local church youth, adult leaders, and pastors, and the unnamed thousands who made investments in the future of the church by

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making it possible for youth from their congregations to attend the Conference. Certainly all who know of the Conference join in a deep sense of gratitude to the Reverend Joseph W. Bell for his superb work as executive director of the Conference, and the effectiveness of the Conference is in a real sense a tribute to his consecrated and effective ministry.

While the Methodist Youth Conference is now history as an event and an occasion, it remains for Methodist youth to see to it that the atomic spiritual energy released at Cleveland radiates throughout the world. At Cleveland they found the secret for solving the ills of the world. Now it remains for all of us to put Christ above all in such a way that this secret will become a reality in our time.

HOOVER RUPERT

Director, Youth Department,
Division of the Local Church
The Board of Education
810 Broadway
Nashville, Tennessee

Part I

CHRIST ABOVE ALL

WHO'S WHO

CASE, HAROLD C., Pasadena, California: Minister, First Methodist Church, Pasadena.

SCHISLER, JOHN Q., Nashville, Tennessee: Executive Secretary, Division of the Local Church of the Board of Education.

The Call to the Conference

John Q. Schisler

A NATIONAL Methodist Youth Conference such as this one can be held only once in a decade. Ten million Methodist youth in the last ten years would have rejoiced in the privilege which is yours here. In God's Providence, this is your Conference, not theirs. What are you going to do with it? What are you going to let it do to you? To receive the most from this Conference you must expect to have a great experience. Participate with your whole heart in every part of the program. Let your voice be heard in the singing, what wonderful singing it is. Listen prayerfully for words of instruction and inspiration, which the speakers shall bring. Be an active participant in the afternoon program. Give God reign in your heart and mind. You are one of more than ten thousand, that is true, but God will speak to every individual here if you will hear his voice. At least four great experiences await you here.

The first is *fellowship*. Youth are here from every one of the 105 annual conferences of The Methodist Church, your Bishops are here, your national and annual conference youth leaders are here. Mix and mingle. Get acquainted. Make friends. Never again will you have such an opportunity for Christian fellowship.

The second experience which you will have here is a sense of *world citizenship*. Many of you will look back upon this Conference as a time when your citizenship assumed world dimensions. World Christian citizens we must be if civilization is to be saved. Open your mind to this big idea.

Another experience which will come to you with great power

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is a *deeper conviction that Christ is above all*. Scientists, historians, statesmen, ministers are exalting the Christian way as the world's only hope! This idea must lay hold of our minds and dominate our lives. It is the only creative idea which has in it the power to transform the world.

Finally each of you should have a deepened experience, a *new experience of personal commitment*. Ideas so big that they encompass the world and the relation of all the world to God and eternity, will be common occurrences here. If you listen you will hear the undertone of others, simple yet profound ideas: God is my Father, Christ is my Saviour and Lord. Every man is my brother. Every person here should go away more certain than when he came that he is irrevocably committed for the rest of his days to Christ and to a life of purity, integrity, and devotion to God's will for him.

There never was an age like this for Christian youth. The call for Christian living in every vocation and a full-time Christian service in the church rings incessantly because the need is so great and the time is so short. Hear! Heed! Live abundantly as only the Christ-possessed life can live!

Christ Above All

Harold C. Case

HENDRIK VAN LOON has a fable in which he says all mankind once lived in the peaceful valley of ignorance. To the north, south, east and west were the everlasting hills. According to a tradition of the people, the hills marked the edge of the universe. Whenever anyone questioned that tradition he was taken out to the foot of the precipice and was shown bleaching bones, grim reminders of others who had asked similar questions.

One night a knock came at the door of a cottage in the valley, a man stumbled across the threshold, fell in a semiconscious heap on the floor. They turned him over, and Van Loon says by the light of a flickering candle they discovered who he was. They whispered to one another, "He's come back. What will he say?" When he had regained his consciousness, he said, "From childhood I have doubted that the hills marked the edge of the universe. And at last I have gone to find out for myself. I have traveled beyond the hills of the everlasting, into a rich earth country with cultured people and peace." The next morning he was summoned for a trial. They said, "He must have justice, but if he repeats this heresy he must be punished." But he repeated what he said the night before. And his judges said, "This is heresy, this would break all our traditions, the man must die." So they stoned him to death.

Then the drought came, the cattle died in the pastures, the streams ran dry, the crops burned, starvation faced them in the valley of ignorance. The great debate began between the adventurer and the traditionalist and at the end the adventurers

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won as they always do at the end. As the last wagon was packed with belongings and the last driver climbed into the driver's seat, they prepared to take this caravan of people and their possessions out of the valley of ignorance, beyond the hills of the everlasting, into a rich earth country with people and peace. The traditionalists did what they always do; they climbed aboard and rode out of the valley with the rest.

Out there they found this rich earth country, established themselves, and then they remembered their martyred member. So after the human custom they raised a committee to do their work for them, sending this committee back into the valley to give a peaceful burial to the martyred member. The committee returned and searched but could not find a single bone. They did, however, set up a marker, a monument to the member whom they had killed, and on top of it in a granite boulder they carved these words: "To the memory of one who dared to make us believe in the future." And Van Loon concludes his fable, saying, "So has it been from the beginning, so is it now, and so, please God, someday it shall no longer be."

We are gathered together this night because we believe in the future. If as Trueblood says we have lived at the end of our time and the date was August 6, 1945, then we may begin another time, a new era. And in that new era we may participate with Almighty God in the creation of another, a better, an ideal society. In a sense then the past is prologue, and no Christian would be sorry, because alongside of its glorious heritage, it presents dark moments.

In the past we see *war*. My mind recalls Cologne, Germany. One morning last August I saw Cologne from a train window. It was a vast rubble pile, 85 per cent of the city of Cologne being totally destroyed. I walked through the wrecked railway station, its twisted girders hanging like useless skeletons. I attended Mass in the sacristy of the Cologne Cathedral. It seats fifty persons. All other rooms of that proud Gothic structure, seating before the war six thousand at one time, are filled with rubble.

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I watched Cologne come to life in the morning, crawling out of debris shelters into the rubble-filled streets. They averaged seven persons to the room in their living accommodations in Cologne, for in that city one thousand B-17's one night dropped bombs, killing one hundred thousand civilians. I saw starvation staring from the sunken eyes of children with hunger typhus. I felt the fever in tubercular victims riding in civilian streetcars because there are no hospitals to house them. War, young Christians, is in the past. *Peace* must be in the future.

The past holds great *prejudice*. I remember a house along a street in Hilveson, Holland, a lovely suburb of Amsterdam. It has a tile roof, red tile, and blue shutters. The hedge, last summer, was clipped and the flowers were bright. But inside that house in Hilveson there was sorrow. For one night during the war under occupation, Gestapo officers called at that home, arrested the father, son, and one daughter. They were all gassed. Their only crime was that they were Jews. I remembered Hitler's order. I quote: "We will destroy the statue of Mendelssohn and erase his memory from the mind of the German people." "For no contribution," said Hitler, "that Mendelssohn could have made as a musician could overcome the fact that he was a Jew." To be sure, long after the name Hitler is remembered only in delirious hours, the name Mendelssohn will be graciously recalled as romantic couples come to the altar to take their solemn and sacred vows as his wedding march is played. But this is the result of race prejudice. Then I remembered our American color caste system. We maintain it in streetcars and restaurants, in hotels, and, God help us, in churches. And race prejudice in the past is a subtle spiritual poisoning. In the future there must be *race fellowship*.

The past reveals *narrow nationalism*. Seeking power over others in order to profit at their expense for national aggrandizement is all too often the record of nations in the days that are gone. We use food for political purposes to forge rings around weak nations, and criticize other friendly nations for making

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satellites of countries by the same process. We underpay our schoolteachers until they are insecure and then demand loyalty tests that they may continue their tenure. We drive hard dollar bargains with soft spoken words and hurt millions of people in consequence. In the past there is narrow nationalism, in future there must be *broad internationalism*.

The past reveals a mounting toll of *intoxication*, a national tragedy. It breeds alcoholics, spreads sex disease, produces divorces, multiplies crime, endangers everyone on the highway, and masquerades as culture, when actually it is chaos. We have debates in Congress over the reduction of sixty *billion* dollars in an appropriation for starving people in Asia and in Europe, but since the repeal of national prohibition we have expended sixty *billion* dollars for intoxication. Last year the traffic toll, the terribly mounting toll of blood and death on our highways, was 72 per cent attributable to drunken driving or drunken pedestrians. And in that last year the cost of alcoholic intoxication was three and one-half times our total national educational bill. In the past, young friends, there has been far too much intoxication. In this nation for the future, if it is to have a future with leadership, there surely must be *sobriety*.

In the past there is *self-sufficient science*, inventor of mechanical conveniences and of terrifying bombs. Science, self-sufficient until now, has become producer of the atomic bomb. Science is now pleading, saying, "We are producing a Frankenstein monster beyond our power to control. Only a spiritual reformation can save us." In the past, self-sufficient science, in the future, *science guided by religion*, united for the welfare of mankind through the release of good that can come through man's best intellectual efforts.

In the past there is much *moral chaos* when right and wrong get so mixed up that it is difficult to tell which is which. Mademoiselle Barot, leader of the French resistance movement, told the Oslo Conference of the loss of moral distinction by the idealists of France who were in the daring underground, resist-

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ing the Nazis. "You are aware," she said, "that dictatorships are immoral, that they deal murderously, both with enemies and with friends, that they have few decent scruples and that they deny the supremacy of God." "But, perhaps, you did not know," said she, "that in this resistance movement that began with a great ideal, in struggling against a vile occupation government; forging passports, smuggling people and messages across lines, counterfeiting in behalf of that ideal for our nation, we of the underground lost our moral distinctions and when the war ended we too were in chaos." This is our problem, moral chaos.

One should tell the truth, we say, unless telling the truth gets one into trouble. Recently a couple came into my study for their pre-marital conference. They were quite antagonistic. "What business is it of yours," they asked, "what we did in the past! All we want is to be married." "Well," I said, "even if that is *all* you want, society has an important stake in your marriage. Your home represents customs that are old and broad and deep and rich. The church is interested in your home. After the state approves your legal marriage, its sacramental values for creating with God are in the keeping of the church. We want your home to have a good start and to last, so that when you say, 'I, John, take thee, Mary, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish until death do us part,' the church wants you to be able to mean it and to complete that commitment!" "I note," I added, "that both of you have been divorced, so your ideal about this next marriage is our concern."

What I am saying is, that relativity in morals so that nothing is white or black, all is gray, is disastrous everywhere. A matron in a state home for orphan children once said to me, "When you lead our children in prayer, do not use the Lord's Prayer; these children are from broken homes. They have had such bad experiences with their human fathers if you pray 'Our Father,'

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they will hate God." In the past, we have seen relative morals; for the future, the *standards of the Sermon on the Mount*.

In the recent past, we have tended to *reduce our rituals to trivialities*, saying, "Well, what difference do they make anyway?" We are in danger of erasing excellence through form, and the loss of our significant ceremonies and our great celebrations, of holy pilgrimages and holy days, is serious. They communicate the deeper sanctions for existence; they offer themselves as religious channels for commitment and for re-dedication. Thanksgiving, which originated from gratitude to God for life in the midst of hardships, may easily become a day of gratifying the stomach and of watching a football game, without the slightest reference to its religious meaning or to God at all. Christmas, denoting the unique entrance of God into man's life through a little child, may become tinsel and festoons in the street, with profit as the goal, and, for many, Santa Claus, the king of the gift shop, replacing Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind. Even Easter, with its gaunt crosses on a skull-shaped hill, and death, and its mighty resurrection and a new era for mankind, competes now with candy eggs and baby chicks for a place on the calendar. No ceremonies salute the timeclock, no myths attend the tractor, no dragons breathe in the open hearth furnace; for many the art of living has become detached from the mechanics of existence. And without our dramatic rituals (and this is one tonight), illustrating our mightiest ideals, life becomes flat and secular. In the past, too few rituals; in the future, a great *new glorification of the ceremonies* out of which the meaning of life becomes potent.

Thank God, then, that the past is prologue; that it stands now behind us; and that before us opens a new year, and with the new year new opportunity; that across the banner of night is the shining splendor of eternal truth, "Christ Above All." The only answer, Christian friends, to atomic power is moral power. You are here to gain insight and inspiration that will give you that moral power.

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Put Christ above all, for yourself and for your generation, for Christ is wonderful; his character is the most accurate portrayal of God Almighty that men have ever known. He has matchless dignity and superb integrity. His life is human and yet it grows and grows like a speck enlarged under a microscope, until he covers all the dreams and the hopes and the purposes and the possibilities of mankind. Look at his *courage*. His disciples ran away in danger, an armed mob came for him; he met them without evasion. In the court of Pilate, when it was his life against an empire, he refused to compromise at all. There is absolute truth in his courage; death perhaps, but not the morality of convenience. The *perfection* of a Christ demands a blameless life. What courage he has for hero loving youth! His *claims* are tremendous. "He who hath seen me hath seen God," he said. No one who sees God in Christ and who says yes to the winning claims of this God can possibly be small and prejudiced, or mean or cheap—he has to grow until he becomes like Christ. Of course, his *requirements* are high: "Let him who would be first among you serve. Put up again the sword in its place, for he who takes the sword shall perish by the sword. Blessed are the peacemakers; they shall be called sons of God." He never dilutes his claims, he never makes them easy. He makes them great, and captivating forever.

The future is his; that is, if mankind has a future, for mankind surely hasn't any other future except with Christ Above All. His way isn't the way of war. Either we will all put up again the sword in its place, limit the planes that come off the assembly lines, scrap the atomic bombs that threaten to blow us apart, begin to build mutual trust, and insist that mutual trust is possible, or we will destroy ourselves. If one conference ends without agreement, we should only ask ourselves when do we confer again. Working for economic welfare, for world-wide justice with Jesus Christ is the way to life, and any other way is the way to death.

In him is racial solidarity. He moved across the lines in his

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society and met a woman who was an outsider and included her within the new limits. He moved across exclusiveness toward inclusiveness now. I remember Eric Tikili, whom some of our Oslo delegates will recall. He is a brilliant young Y.M.C.A. secretary to the Bangtu tribes of Africa. At the closing session of the Oslo conference, he said, "As a Y.M.C.A. secretary, I have talked about the Kingdom of God. But I now think, having been reared in an empire-ridden country, that I've never believed in the Kingdom of God; but here for two weeks I have lived in the Kingdom of God. Now I am going home to testify what I know."

We had a banquet in Pasadena recently, honoring Jackie Robinson of the Brooklyn Dodgers, the first Negro baseball player to make the big league. And may I, with justifiable pride, I hope, say that he is a Methodist from Pasadena. Why did Jackie Robinson make the big league? It wasn't on account of his superb ability, although he is an athletic genius. It wasn't because he has the ability "to take it," though his coaches testified that they had never known him to lose his poise, even under the most difficult and trying circumstances. It wasn't because he lives in Pasadena, though there is something to that! Jackie Robinson made the big league because of two Christians—Branch Ricky and Dan Dodson. With deep-lying moral convictions, based on their belief that Christ ought to be above all even in baseball, they faced resistance and said, "This man has the skill, and men ought to play according to their ability and not merely according to their race." If you are going to put Christ above all, you will have to have that kind of conviction, of courage, of skill and of opportunity among thousands of Christians who do put Christ above all.

Christ stands above all narrow nationalisms. A Christian woman in Frankfurt had been bombed out. She had lost everything, had been terribly injured, but had recovered. She lives in one room on a ration of 1,100 calories a day (and we average 3,200 calories a day). When I said, "This is terrible,

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you must hate the people who bombed you," she replied, "Oh no, I don't hate anyone. You see, it's wonderful—I was saved to serve, and Jesus Christ lives in this house—how could I hate anyone?" Above all narrow nationalisms, Christ's love.

Thinking about him and about you tonight, in this opening session of this great Conference, how I wish I could reach you magnificent young people with high and holy ideals, with a convincing word, that you would put Him above all in your lives, beginning now and forever more, that you would become His agents of good will, His servants for racial mutuality, His peacemakers, His ministers, missionaries, mothers, fathers, teachers, lawyers, His, altogether. I remember another youth conference when a company not as large as this, but equally devoted, having been gathered together from the four corners of this nation, sang a closing hymn with even greater fervor and meaning than you sang tonight in our opening hymn,

"I bind my heart this tide,
To the Galilean's side,
To the wounds of Calvary,
To the Christ who died for me.

I bind myself today
To the brother far away,
To the brother near at hand,
In this town and in this land.

I bind my heart to peace,
To make strife and envy cease;
God, knit thou sure the chord
Of my thralldom to my Lord."

Christ Above All! For all the future and the kingdom on earth,
for all mankind.

Part II
CHRISTIAN WORLD BROTHERHOOD

WHO'S WHO

BAEZ-CAMARGO, G., Mexico City, Mexico: Methodist leader in interdenominational work.

BOOTH, NEWELL S., Elisabethville, Africa: Resident Bishop of The Elisabethville Area, The Methodist Church.

BROOKS, MRS. F. G., Mt. Vernon, Iowa: Chairman, Department of Work in Foreign Fields, Woman's Division of Christian Service.

DENNISON, TOM, Farmington, New Mexico: Student, Navajo Methodist Mission School.

DIFFENDORFER, RALPH E., New York, New York: Executive Secretary, Division of Foreign Missions of the Board of Missions and Church Extension.

KANG, MISS YOU-DU, Crusade for Christ Scholar from Korea, Graduate of Ewha College, Seoul. Student, Scarritt College, Nashville, Tennessee.

LEE, MISS ELIZABETH M., New York, New York: Secretary for Latin America, Woman's Division of Christian Service.

MATHEWS, JAMES K., New York, New York: Associate Secretary, Division of Foreign Missions.

MOORE, ARTHUR J., Atlanta, Georgia: Resident Bishop, The Atlanta Area, The Methodist Church.

ROMANO, MISS ROSA, Crusade for Christ Scholar from Brazil, Bennett College, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

RUSSELL, MISS DOROTHY M., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: Missionary to Alaska, Woman's Division of Christian Service.

The Christian World Pattern of Brotherhood

G. Baez-Camargo

MODERN man has come to a comparatively sudden realization that this world is *one world*. Wendell Willkie's celebrated title only helped to give this fact a more vivid and popular expression. The peoples of the world are becoming more and more interdependent. We can no longer shrug off the concern for what may be happening today in New Guinea or Rhodesia. We know that sooner or later, and somehow, we ourselves will be affected.

Isolation behind "iron" or "silk" curtain is increasingly difficult. Cross currents of life and thought sweep the earth. Mass media of communication are multiplying, and continuously improving in speed and in range. We are compelled to think and to act more and more in terms of one world.

The Search for a World Pattern

At present, the stress on the oneness of our world is mainly in the negative. People realize that no conflict can be strictly local. Economic distress, oppression, moral decay, spread like disease. In self-protection, people start, therefore, on an eager search for a world pattern according to which the eventual elimination of these calamities may result.

Other people are more concerned in taking positive advantage of this oneness of our world. How much easier it now is to make health, education, freedom, justice, peace and virtue the common lot of all men. It becomes imperative to organize

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the world according to such a pattern as will eventually result in the universal sharing of all those priceless possessions.

It is apparent that some world patterns must be discarded at once. First, the world pattern of extreme nationalism. According to it, there is not one world, but several national "worlds" in conflict. Or, maybe, two or more blocks of nations competing for supremacy, now thrown together, now rent apart by the changing fortunes of war and the voluble game of power politics. But any situation based upon the anarchic sovereignty of nations can result only in mutually destructive rivalry.

Then there is the pattern of empire. It aims indeed at world unity, but one that is built on the master-slave relationship. One world, held together by the military force and political skill of a master class, nation, race or creed. I mention creed because the attempt to establish the supremacy of a faith by the use of any form of social, economic or physical compulsion, is sheer imperialism. It is usually allied with State imperialism. A typical example was Islam in its early days, and also the so-called Holy Roman-German Empire whereby the world would be ruled jointly by Emperor and Pope. But no unity maintained at the expense of freedom can last. An empire may hold nations together for a time by force, but it finally crumbles to pieces.

We are again haunted today by the menace of imperialism. It looms high over the horizon. While the ancient pattern of colonial imperialism is waning, new forms emerge. There is, for instance, class imperialism, the universal domination of the proletariat, represented and led, according to the latest version, by a strong nationalistic State. At present, the world is in danger of falling apart into two gigantic spheres of power. Two empires, in fact, even if one may be more benevolent and allow more freedom than the other. If this outrageous partition takes place, the best we can expect is for these two kingdoms of the earth to coexist under some kind of truce for a certain period

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of time. How well we know, nevertheless, that the final clash
will be inevitable!

Is there no alternative to the chaotic disorder of a swarm of warring nationalisms, on one hand, and the monolithic and lethal "order" of a world empire, on the other? Yes, there is. It is the pattern of brotherhood. Individuals, nations, peoples, classes, races, creeds, as a household in ever enlarging circles—family, local community, national collectivity, and, finally, the all-encompassing body of mankind. All men as brothers. The world as a family of peoples. A Christian pattern.

Is There a Uniqueness in the Christian Pattern of Brotherhood?

In one of the Study Groups, at the Oslo World Conference of Christian Youth last summer, a young man from Australia asked the group to discuss just what the unique elements are, that Christianity has to contribute. "People usually answer," he said, "simply by pointing at the various charities and benevolences sponsored by churches and Christian individuals. But it so happens that there are non-Christians who are engaged in similar good works. Just what, then, is the difference?"

This is no idle question. Indeed, there are non-Christian patterns of brotherhood. And the Christian pattern must be compared, examined, discussed, tested. It is not to be upheld merely out of consideration for a most revered tradition. The world stands in bare need not of a venerable abstraction but of a working reality.

The Christian pattern differs from others in its scope. It is all-inclusive. Henry V, in one of Shakespeare's plays, addresses his comrades of arms before a battle,

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,
For he today that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.

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There are various patterns that limit brotherhood to a "happy few."

People are not wanting who would receive a limited number as brothers, on this or that restricted basis. All those outside the exclusive circle will be either strangers or foes. It may be the jolly comradeship of the revellers, the fleeting "brotherhood over food and wine," as Carlyle described it. Or the bitter brotherhood of those pushed together by a common misfortune, a "brotherhood of tears and ashes," as we might call it. For the Marxist, only those men are brothers who belong to the proletariat, while for others, brotherhood is reserved only for members of the same elite, color, race, culture, nationality, or even religious denomination. Whatever their names and borderlines, and whatever the rationalizations to which they may resort, in order to justify their snobbery—the pious ones of denominationalism not excluded—all these "exclusivities" belong to the same pattern, that of the "happy few," based on sublimated selfishness.

But, according to the Christian pattern, all men are brothers. There is no discrimination. The closer bonds that may link men in special fellowships such as family, club, local church, trade association, national community, cultural tradition or denomination, must not be construed as a basis for indifference or ill-will towards the others.

Up to this point, the Christian conception does not stand apart from many a secular and philanthropic movement based on the general idea of an all-embracing brotherhood of men. Some non-Christians may very well feel as Tennyson,

Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all
My friends and brother souls,
With all the peoples, great and small,
That wheel between the poles.

But the point is, Why? What is the ultimate source, basis or reason for this brotherhood?

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The suggested "International Declaration on Human Rights," of the U.N.O., opens with the following statement, "All men are brothers. Being endowed with reason and conscience, they are members of one family." In other words, a purely biological link. We are brothers because we all belong to the species *Homo Sapiens*. But why should I be as a brother to the other members of my species? Am I not told also that life is a bitter struggle for subsistence and that the strongest must prevail?

Others will tell of an intrinsic solidarity that arises from the fact that we men are all subject to the same misadventures, and having to face together the strain and suffering inherent in life, we had better be brothers and help each other to muddle through this miserable existence. But two weepings do not make a smile. Why should I pile upon my own misery the miseries of others? Am I not busy enough licking my own wounds? And maybe I can manage to get through better by myself?

According to Christianity, human brotherhood has a higher and deeper Source. It is not a Source subject to the contingencies of the temporal, and so it gives brotherhood an unshakable basis. It is a transcendental and eternal Source—God himself.

All men are brothers because all are born of "one God and Father of all." (Eph. 4:6.) Not a mere biological bond, not simply a romantic solidarity in disgrace, not only the fact that all are endowed with reason, is the basis for brotherhood, but a common sonship to God. How can we, as Luis Vives, the Spanish philosopher, puts it, "refuse to take for a brother him whom God deems well to take for a son?" This is what makes all the difference in human relations, for otherwise, as Father Th. De-man has said, "the love of mankind is but a generous thought. . . . We will by no means love men from whom everything separates us, except by loving them as God's children. Only when all men, with a single heart, will recognize their common Father in heaven, will the kingdom of peace arrive on earth." Furthermore, in a supreme act of redemption, Jesus Christ made again brothers of all men when he gave his life upon the cross for

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them all. Men become brothers also in a common Redeemer "who gave himself a ransom for all" (I Tim. 2:6). As Paul again says, in his cross he was breaking down "hostile dividing walls" between men. Here lies the supreme uniqueness of the Christian meaning of brotherhood.

This does not mean that only those who have accepted this redemption are brothers. True, there is a "family of the faith," a more intimate brotherhood, towards which we have special obligations, as the Apostle enjoined the Galatians. But this does not preclude or invalidate the other, the universal brotherhood of men. In the "far country" and in his "loose living," the prodigal son is still God's child and our brother. He may have broken that sweet and intimate relationship with the Father which is the best portion of his divine inheritance, but he has never ceased to be the object of God's paternal love. Why should we, one time ourselves prodigal children, accepted back home only by the paternal mercy, deny him as our brother?

It is true that the Scriptures, where this doctrine of the universal fatherhood of God is found, also speak of an "adoption," by which only through faith in Jesus Christ men "*become* the sons of God." But unless Holy Writ contradicts itself, this can only mean that there are, as it were, two degrees in sonship. One is determined by the given original fact that God has created all men "in his own image" and "likeness." The other is the acknowledgment and actual enjoyment of a personal son-and-Father relationship. Sin leaves the first fact unaltered, but it breaks up the second. When the stranded son comes home to his Father, and the broken fellowship is restored, it is said of him that he is "adopted" just as it is said that having been dead he has come to life again. But in a sense he was all the time, and never ceases to be, the son of the universal Father. For this reason, Jesus said not only "to his disciples" in particular, but to "the crowds" where believers and unbelievers mixed, ". . . you are all brethren . . . you have one Father, who is in heaven" (Matt. 23:1, 8, 9).

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The Christian pattern of brotherhood is also unique in its dynamic. Its driving power is love, and love, in the Christian sense, is something unique. Its best definition is, of course, I Corinthians 13. Christian love, or *agape*, is a conception new altogether in history. It must be distinguished from *eros*, a word that occurs not once in the New Testament. *Eros*, pagan love, is either sensual passion or, as allegorized by Plato, the metaphysical aspiration of the soul after ideal Beauty. *Agape* must also be distinguished from *philanthropia* or humanitarianism, the global love of mankind, a word that occurs only twice in the New Testament as synonymous of humanity or kindness.

Agape is, first of all, love for all men, across all lines and boundaries, in spite of all differences and classifications. It demands no qualifications of its object—it is enough that a man is a man, a son of God, one for whom Christ died. It is love even of the, according to human standards, unlovable. And even love of one's enemies. Such is the unsurpassed greatness and uniqueness of true Christian love!

Again, it is love not of mankind in general or of humanity in the abstract. It is love of men, of every man, of the concrete being in bone and flesh with whom one comes in contact every day everywhere.

Moreover, it is not a nebulous emotion or a vague sentimentality. It is a powerful force that takes complete possession of the whole soul, that galvanizes the entire self, that blends in joint activity the intelligence, the affections, and the will. Active love, expressing itself in tireless work, passionate seeking after justice, intense preventive and redemptive work.

Agape is also "love to the uttermost." It flourishes in self-denial and sacrifice. It moves the giver to give himself with the gift, the helper to pour himself out with his help, the friend and brother to lay down his life for the loved ones. "Greater love has no man than this"!

But the supreme uniqueness of the Christian pattern lies in its very nature. For it is not merely an idea, a political device, a

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humanitarian plan or a philosophical conception. It is a Pattern, with capital P, embodied in a Living Person, even Jesus Christ. He himself is the Pattern of Brotherhood, embodied again and again in living persons in whom he abides and through whom he moves and works.

Is This Not Just Another Utopia?

But at this juncture, the sophisticated mind breaks in. "Oh, yes, we know all that soft, rosy stuff about love, and brotherhood, and being nice to each other. It is old stuff. And besides, it won't work. What with two thousand years for a chance, and look where we are!"

The point is not whether this pattern is a novelty for this gadget-minded generation. The point is whether it really works. And if we are honest enough we must confess that at times, in talking about this pattern, we feel overtaken by a vague sense of unreality, as if we were babbling about a nebulous ideal or inane counsels of perfection. Yes, when we *talk* about this pattern. But not when we *live* it and see it in the lives of others. Then, we know, by self-evidence, that real love truly works.

For here we are dealing with the mightiest force in the universe—a love which is of the very essence of Almighty God. It is stronger than hatred. It can overpower the forces of nature. Wilfred Grenfell, the Labrador missionary doctor, says, "I have seen love do physical things which mere intellectual convictions cannot—make hearts beat and eyes sparkle, that would not respond even to digitalis and strychnine." "Everything that is not love, will perish," said a French nun, quoted by J. Maritain, an echo of the triumphant "Love never faileth" of St. Paul.

The history of the world is full of the mighty deeds of men and women in whom this love burned, a living fire that changed their surrounding, helping to bring them closer to the pattern of brotherhood. "Time will fail me" if I tell of them. Throughout the centuries, in the millions and millions of transformed lives, and in the revolutionary changes achieved through their

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witness, work and sacrifice, the Power of Jesus Christ, himself the Pattern, has been made abundantly manifest. It was not a mere figure of speech when Clemenceau said, "When a Christian decides to *live* his Christianity, a true revolution begins."

No, we are not dealing here with just another utopia. Utopias are wishful flights of the imagination and often only the intellectual refuge of escapists. But in the Christian pattern of brotherhood we deal with a Supreme Person, who is Love Incarnate, the Power and Wisdom of God, and with concrete persons, aglow with that love, in whom and through whom Jesus works. Their experience and achievements have given enough evidence that the pattern works.

Why, then, is not this world already a happy brotherhood? To this pertinent, if somewhat naive question, we may answer, first, that the achievement of such a revolutionary thing as world brotherhood, must needs be a long and slow process. Because it is not a question of shaping an inert mass into a given pattern, but of winning the hearts of men over to the spirit of brotherhood, and hearts cannot be forced. And, secondly, that the Christian pattern has not been given at any time a fair trial, in all the spheres of life and on a world scale. It has been tried only locally and partially by certain minorities. But wherever and whenever it has been seriously tried, the results have shown the tremendous possibilities.

Nevertheless, one thing can be said and it is that the world is already moving in the direction of the Christian pattern. Every single step of progress in human relations, conforms, whether consciously or unconsciously, to that pattern. Speak of understanding, of equality, of fair deal, of good will, of co-operation, and you will be handling conceptions that belong to the very essence of our pattern. Modern democracy, as Thomas Mann, Henry Bergson, Jacques Maritain, Arthur E. Holt, and many others have pointed out, may well be considered as the political expression, although still imperfect, of the Christian principle of brotherhood. The very thing that the United Na-

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tions Organization is striving after, is an approximation, however half-hearted and incomplete, to the same ideal. Whatever just demands there may be in Communism are simply a secular rendering of the Christian passion for justice. Even the best and most noble utopias of social romanticism, such as those of Fourier and Saint-Simon, were confessedly inspired in Christian feelings. Every time we think that sociology or political science has at last shown us a new and better way, it is only to discover that in the last instance it is nothing else than the old Christian pattern of brotherhood simply redressed. There is a certain inevitability in it. It seems ingrained in the very nature of things, as the ultimate design and purpose of the universe. And without moving toward this pattern, history itself would make no genuine advance, would have no goal, no sense, no real meaning. Mankind would be, as it is sometimes said, like a blind man in a dark room groping for a door that does not exist.

Working Toward a World in Accordance to This Pattern

It can be clearly seen now, that the Christian pattern has never offered such a thing as a detailed map or a blue-print for the building of the world into a brotherhood. In this it differs again from utopias. It places its faith in no system or program, albeit a Christian one. For even Christian systems can become dry, formal and devoid of life. You cannot have a brotherhood unless you have men and women whose hearts are beating with the life-blood of brotherly love. No system ever wrought this inner transformation of the human heart.

According to other patterns, the transformation of the world takes place through authoritarian dispositions from the human powers that be, through laws, regulations, institutional changes and new structures of government. This is especially true of Marxism. But in the Christian pattern, although the influence of the environment is not denied, the place to begin is the human heart. "Give me a fulcrum and I will move the world," said good old Archimedes. What is the fulcrum? A new economic

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system, says Marxism. The "new creature in Christ," says Christianity. As Denis de Rougemont puts it, "Paul wants to transform *man first*—and the world with him—whereas Marx wants to transform *the world first*—and man with it."

It is important, of course, to have good institutions, good laws, good systems. Without shifting the basic emphasis from where it must be placed, e.g., the changed person, all possible changes in the environment as will be conducive to brotherhood, must be energetically supported and promoted. But the true Christian strategy in seeking to transform the world is always to make the heart, the human person, the first objective and then the operation base and active agent of change. No detailed chart is given, but a supreme commandment, "Love! Be a brother to all men!" In consequence, it is up to each generation of Christians to use the particular ways in which the spirit and principle of universal brotherhood can best be made operative in their own age.

It is evident that this principle must be applied as extensively as possible and in all the realms of human life—economic, social, political, cultural, international, and not only in the specialized field of religion. Thus one of the most fascinating tasks for those who wish to work for the Christian pattern, is to study, in the light of actual and present situations, how the application of the brotherhood principle works in those different fields. Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa, for instance, has achieved significant elaborations in what he calls "Brotherhood Economics." On the other hand, this pattern must be applied to all groups, beginning with the family up to the conglomerate of nations.

Obviously, the main responsibility in the modern crusade for brotherhood rests upon the Christians, and the duty and the honor of the front ranks in that "moral equivalent of war," belong to Christian youth. Involved in all the troubles and distresses of the world, there is a clarion call to prompt, intelligent and enthusiastic Christian action. Here lies the greatest political contribution that Christendom can make on behalf of a better world. It is not a question of the Church tinkering with political

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schemes, or becoming Lobbyist Number One, or trying to run the government, or be the government herself. Nor is it a matter of thrusting a "Christian Party" into the political free-for-all, catch-as-catch-can. The following ways suggest themselves as more in accordance with the nature of our pattern:

1. Making our fellowship with Christ more constant, intimate and real. Let us not forget that we are not asked to subscribe to a plan or to endorse a project. We are called to a personal attachment to a Person, the Living Pattern of brotherhood, Jesus Christ, without whose spirit and power we are simply helpless in the face of the world's distress.

2. Producing, as the Church, more and more men and women aflame with the love of Christ and fellowmen, and ready to throw themselves completely into a life of sacrificial testimony and ardent work. In terms of the traditional vocabulary, this means an intensification of evangelism and religious education.

3. Giving the world an objective demonstration of the Christian pattern in actual work. The Christian community itself must be organized according to the pattern. This means that the family, the local church, the denomination, then the denominations among themselves, must be true expressions of brotherhood. Voluntary groups of Christians must be also organized as brotherhoods, with the purpose of conducting experiments in practical brotherly living together, and of working for the extension of the spirit of brotherhood to the community at large. Christian groups of all kinds, including the churches, must become true and active "brotherhood cells."

4. Campaigning, fearlessly and persistently, for universal brotherhood, in a relentless war against misunderstandings, discriminations and injustices, using as extensively as possible all the means of mass communication afforded by modern techniques.

5. Endorsing, encouraging, supporting and promoting all worthy projects and movements, national and international, that favor, facilitate or have as a definite aim, world brotherhood.

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We must not, of course, entertain any illusions about this task. It is not an easy nor a quick job. Progress, however real and significant, will always seem comparatively small. And yet, there is no hope of a better world unless we work, slowly and painfully as it may have to be, in the direction of our pattern.

But if we must not be blind to the difficulties, neither must we overlook our opportunities and resources. Since the world is becoming one world, there never was a greater opportunity to launch a brotherhood movement on a world scale, and using all the resources and circumstances that are making the world one! But we have still higher resources. This work is God's work. It is his concern, his will, his eternal purpose. In working for it, we are abundantly backed and assisted by the forces of a cosmic design that can be temporarily hindered but not permanently deviated or defeated. Not on our own strength but on God's power must we depend and trust.

It is on this realistic ground—realistic as to the difficulties, but also realistic as to the resources—that we should approach the task. A highest pattern there is not—one world where all men will be brothers under the universal fatherhood of the God of Jesus Christ. "My Father worketh even until now, and I work." "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

Now Is the Time

Ralph E. Diffendorfer

YOU ARE now meeting in the city in which the first nationally organized Methodist Youth Movement was born. It happened in a little classroom in the old Central Church in Cleveland on May 14-15, 1889, when twenty-seven men gathered to unite several regional youth organizations. There were present on those days, representatives from the Young People's Methodist Alliance, who stood for the highest measure of Christian spiritual experience and loyalty to church discipline. The Oxford League was present with its emphasis on high scholastic ideals and all-around culture. The Young People's Christian League of New England wanted a national organization, to a large degree autonomous with more or less autonomous district organizations, with a quadrennial convention made up of two delegates from each district. The Young People's Union wanted aims and interest in the new organization broad enough to embrace universal Methodism. A local North Ohio conference group went all out for consolidation at almost any price.

Mr. Willis W. Cooper, a young layman of Kenosha, Wisconsin, President of the Black Cat Hosiery Company, called the meeting to order and presided. Ten years later, Mr. Cooper, as First Vice-President of the new Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church, wrote "The Missionary Spoke of the Epworth Wheel" and was the person most influential in getting missions recognized as a part of the regular program of the League. At first there was only a missionary committee in the Spiritual Life Department. Later, a separate department of mis-

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sions was incorporated into the constitution. Mr. Cooper was also interested in the Student Missionary Campaign in which students from Methodist colleges all over the United States and Canada visited local Epworth Leagues in the summer of 1899 and 1900, organizing new missionary departments, selling missionary libraries—sixteen volumes for ten dollars, and promoting mission study. Later on, Mr. Cooper was influential in taking your speaker to Chicago to become assistant secretary of the Epworth League with special responsibility for promoting Bible and Mission study. Thus, my own personal experience through one of the founders of the Epworth League is a link between this Conference and the earliest days of the Methodist Youth Movement.

The problem before the group in Cleveland in 1889 was to unite the different regional societies into one national organization. In an account of that famous meeting fifty-eight years ago, one member wrote, speaking of the makeup of the delegation—"While the majority were young and full of enthusiasm, there was a sufficient number of men of mature years to give the meeting *ballast!*" Another writer said, "Once, when the meeting had blown up and fire was beginning to show in some eyes, the day was saved by one of the brethren moving that 'we pray'; and then added "an hour of knee work smothered antagonism and out of it came the Epworth League."

Four years later in this same city, the first International Epworth League Convention was held. The dates were June 29-July 2, 1893, the year in which the World's Fair was held in Chicago, held a year late because of the lack of preparedness, to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. To that convention came five thousand young people from the Canadian Methodist Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and a few delegates from England and other European countries. A list of the Vice-Presidents of that International Conference shows that besides those from the United States, North and South,

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there were three from England, fifteen from Canada and one from Bermuda. There were, also, Vice-Presidents from Japan, India, Korea, Bulgaria, Chile, Mexico, Uruguay and Singapore. Only two nationals of the younger churches were Vice-Presidents, one, Senor Dardi of Italy and the other, a Chinese from Hinghwa, Mr. Sing Ming Chiong.

To this convention in 1893 I came as a delegate, a fourteen-year-old country lad from a village of four hundred fifty people, eight miles from a railroad, located about sixty miles southwest of Cleveland. It took me all day to reach Cleveland—eight miles by horse and buggy, a local train to Akron, a wait, and another train to Hudson, a long wait and a third train to Cleveland. I carried a little lunch to eat at mid-day.

The meeting was held in Music Hall on Vincent Street and the opening hymn was "There Is Sunshine in My Soul Today, More Glorious and Bright." The Hon. William McKinley, then Governor of Ohio, extended the welcome. In his address, Mr. McKinley said, speaking of the new organization, "The whole world is its field, it has effaced all sectional lines within our own country and embraces all races and tongues where the Christian altar is erected and where the songs of Wesley are sung. It has ignored all sectional lines of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, and the young people of both sections have joined in an unbroken union forever."

Insofar as I know this was the first attempt to bring together in any large way the representatives of the Methodisms that later were united into The Methodist Church, which body we represent here today. With such strong words from the Methodist governor of this great state, is it too much to assume that the young people present at Cleveland fifty-four years ago were then laying the foundations for united Methodism now joined "in an unbroken union forever"?

The conference sermon was preached by W. A. Candler, then President of Emory University and later a bishop of the Method-

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ist Episcopal Church, South. There was a missionary session in that convention in which four speeches were made. The general theme for the sessions was "My Duty to the Heathen World." The speakers were Bishop J. M. Thoburn of India, Alexander Sutherland, the missionary secretary of the Canadian Methodist Church, Walter R. Lambuth, later bishop, the missionary secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Chaplain C. C. McCabe, the missionary secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Each was given thirty minutes to present his interpretation of our duty to the heathen world.

While I cannot at the moment recall the points I made later in the report of this conference to my local chapter, I do recall the dominant impression of being present at a great international gathering and felt as a youth, the outreach of our world Methodism and the world-wide extent of its work and fellowship. Today, this is called "Ecumenical."

And now, after fifty-four years, I attended last summer the first postwar gathering of the International Missionary Council held at Whitby, Ontario. Of the one hundred twelve delegates present from forty-one countries, the larger number were representatives from the younger churches. Practically all parts of the world were represented, except Japan. They came from their National Christian Councils in Latin America, Africa, Europe, Asia and the South Seas. It was truly international and interdenominational or ecumenical in character. Among the lay delegates were doctors, lawyers and educators, men and women, the character, intellect and spiritual ability of whom were at once profoundly impressive. Many of them were first generation Christians. About half the group were attending their first ecumenical conference. As Secretary Norman Goodall said in an Empire broadcast during the meeting "I think the most startling fact about this little company is the diversity of experience through which the members have recently passed. There are folk here who have been tortured, there are those who have been in prison, there are men who have nearly starved to death, there

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are scholars and artists who for months at a time have been too famished and frozen to think."

At Whitby there were held two sacraments of the Lord's Supper. At the first the celebrants were an Australian, a Chinese from Central China, a Jamaican Negro and an Iranian. At the second a Yale professor and an African removed the cloth from the Lord's table and the celebrants were a Canadian, an African from Togoland, a Chinese professor and a teacher from the Fiji Islands. As Bishop James C. Baker, the chairman of the Conference, described it, "Here is the universal Church of Christ."

You may be interested to know something about some of the outstanding characters present at Whitby. Only a few can be mentioned. From Burma came Ba Hlaing, a Baptist, now president and chief executive officer of the Mandalay Municipality, a lawyer trained in London University; the Reverend C. G. Baeta, the synod clerk of the Presbyterian Church on the Gold Coast and in British Togoland in East Africa, who speaks, besides his native tongue, English, German, and French. He has a bachelor's degree from London University. Dr. G. Baez Camargo, who has just spoken to you so effectively, was present. Then there were Violeta Cavelero, a Methodist deaconess from Uruguay; Dr. T. C. Chao, dean of the School of Religion at Yenching University, Peiping, China; Rev. D. D. Chelliah, assistant chaplain in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Singapore; Bishop W. Y. Chen, Methodist bishop in West China and at present the honorary general secretary of the National Christian Council of China; Mrs. Prem Nath Dass, president emeritus of Isabella Thoburn College in India; Miss Josefa Ilano, a practicing physician in Manila; Rev. W. M. P. Jayatunga, chairman of the Ceylon Baptist Council and principal of Carey College in Colombo; Mr. S. C. Leung, general secretary of the National Committee of the Y.M.C.A. in China, with an M.A. degree from Vanderbilt University; Loofty Levonian, professor and dean of the Near East School of Theology in Beirut; Rajah B. Manikan, a Lutheran, who is the executive secretary of the National Christian

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Council of India, with a Ph.D. from Columbia University; Rev. S. M. Makitimi, chaplain and house master of the Healdtown Missionary Institute, a Methodist from Basutaland in South Africa; Fritz Pyen, president of the Methodist Theological Seminary in Seoul, Korea, who holds a Doctor of Theology degree from Drew University; Rev. Luther Shao, administrative secretary of the Council of the Disciples of Christ in China, with a Ph.D. from Yale University; Rev. T. Sihonbig, minister of the Batak Church in Sumatra, formerly a high official in the Indonesian Republic; Bishop John Subhan of The Methodist Church in India, a convert from Islam; Rev. S. A. Tuilovoni, teacher and minister in The Methodist Church in Fiji, now a Crusade for Christ scholar at Drew University; and Mrs. Pao-Chun Nyi, president of the Woman's Christian Medical College in Shanghai, with her B.S. from the University of Chicago and her M.D. from Johns Hopkins University Medical School.

What an amazingly rich resource for the consideration in a three weeks' workshop of the present condition of the Christian movement throughout the world.

Here this morning, we have a similar fellowship, representatives of our Methodist Church overseas, one in the faith of us Methodists and of our own household.

(Here, the foreign delegates were introduced.)

In Christ, there is no East or West,
In Him, no North or South.

We have long ceased to refer to these, our friends from overseas, as the "products of Christian missions," but there is a certain sense in which we should never forget that they are what they are today because of the pioneering work of Christian missionaries.

(Here the foreign missionaries were introduced.)

At one time these missionaries came first. That was inevitable. In the early days in every land here represented, missionaries first presented the gospel and by the grace of God won the first

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converts. Missionaries established the first churches, reduced languages to writing, prepared the first alphabets, were the first printers, the first translators of the Scriptures, prepared the first school books, established all grades of schools, seeing them grow into high schools, colleges and universities; started medical work, founded hospitals, trained doctors and nurses, taught people to read and provided them with literature; and established publishing houses. In these latter days, they engaged in public health projects, organized literacy campaigns, introduced the idea of community regardless of religious affiliation, tackled the problem of poverty through new and more effective approaches to rural and agricultural life, established demonstration farms, trained rural and agricultural workers, and more recently introduced the latest techniques of evangelism and religious education through audio-visual aids; ere long, we shall discover radio experts, talented actors and actresses for both stage and screen—all these activities, in one form or another, missionaries have pioneered.

Hence, at one time the missionary stood in front of the national. But not for long. Soon national leaders arose, acquired the skills and became partners with the missionaries, and in every effort in most fields nationals and missionaries stood side by side. But neither was this for long. Gradually, and rightfully so, the representatives of the younger churches are arising and assuming places of leadership in all phases of Christian endeavor. The missionary rejoices now to take a place back of the national workers and to follow their lead and to work under their direction. (This was demonstrated by the presentation of two missionaries and two nationals, from India.) Therefore, in the gradual evolution of the missionary movement through the years, there is pictured here this morning the changed relationships between nationals and missionaries which, with dignity and gratitude on the part of both groups, now makes them partners in a great enterprise. Under the grace of

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God, they are now inaugurating a new era in the spread of the gospel throughout the world.

Each generation of young Christians quite properly inquires as to the main purpose of Christian missions—just what are we trying to accomplish in this greatest, most widespread and most universal of all Christian enterprises? Our Methodist *Discipline* says that "the supreme aim of missions is to make the Lord Jesus Christ known to all peoples in all lands as their Divine Saviour, to persuade them to become his disciples and to gather these disciples into Christian churches; to enlist them in the building of the Kingdom of God; to cooperate with these churches; to promote world Christian fellowship; and to bring to bear on all human life the spirit and principles of Christ."

In achieving these aims, the training of national leadership has a priority, with the emphasis both on the sense of Christian vocation for all work and especially on the provision of skilled and deeply Christian leadership for every kind of project both within and without the Church. Every missionary is sent forth today with the understanding that he goes not to continue indefinitely any given service to him, but as rapidly as possible to work himself out of a job, by helping to discover and train national leaders for every kind of Christian work. The real missionary of today puts in a lifetime at leadership training.

This year is the one hundredth anniversary of the establishing of The Methodist Church in China. One hundred years ago, the first Methodist missionary to China, Judson Collins, landed at Foochow. A few months later, Charles Taylor and Benjamin Jenkins took up work in Shanghai. These men went to China with their Bibles, a few tracts, and dauntless faith in God's power and purpose. The movement which they inaugurated by their faith and love has gone far beyond anything they dreamed possible. The first Protestant church in China was established in Foochow by Collins. It was a little chapel located on a busy street. Mr. Collins died at the age of twenty-nine, four years after his arrival in China. He did not live to welcome his first convert nor

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to see his first member received into the church, but the seed he sowed in Foochow one hundred years ago has now grown into ten annual conferences with hundreds of churches and thousands of devoted Christian laymen and pastors.

Today, in China, we have dozens of hospitals, where each morning the rooms are crowded with sick people waiting for the healing touch of a Christian physician. There are now thirteen Christian colleges and universities in China and Methodists are officially related to eight of them. This last autumn, four thousand students sought entrance to just one of these colleges in West China and only 350 new students were admitted for registration. As Missionary Olin Stockwell of West China wrote recently, "We ask you not to fix your eyes upon China's present economic bankruptcy, her civil war, her multiplied postwar problems, her lack of able and honest leadership, so that you may become completely pessimistic about the future. But climb to a peak where you can get a longer perspective, even if it be for only the past one hundred years, and see what mighty changes have been wrought in this great land, in all fields of social advance! See what a magnificent role the Christian church has played in this. Then add to your perspective some of the faith and love and hope that drove Judson Collins to come to China one hundred years ago today—and then you will thank God and put your shoulder to the great task that waits yet to be done."

One thing that impresses us every day is that the missionary job is not yet done. For instance, in Japan, with a population of seventy or more million people, it is estimated that there are approximately two hundred and fifty thousand Protestant church members and about half that number of Roman Catholics. In China proper, not more than three million persons out of a population of 425,000,000 are Christians (536,000 Protestants and 2,541,000 Catholics). In India and Pakistan, the latest figures set their population at 389,000,000, of whom only 6,000,000 are Christians (Protestants 2,500,000 and Catholics about 3,500,000). While the Christians are growing faster than the popula-

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tion in percentages, the actual results in Christian adherents are small. India is adding to her population 500,000 or more a month, or a city the size of New Orleans, Louisiana. The Latin American countries have usually been regarded as entirely though only nominally Roman Catholic. The Chilean government during the past year declared that 70 per cent of the Chilean people chose to be classed as free thinkers, 25 per cent Roman Catholics, and 5 per cent Evangelicals and others. Christianity as yet has scarcely made a dent on the Moslem world. More recently we have been startled to realize that Europe can no longer be regarded as Christian.

We may also properly raise the question as to whether or not Methodism has any responsibility for the areas and populations outside and beyond the present approach of Protestant missionary forces. Our missionary purpose and conviction will not consent to regard such areas and populations as permanently beyond missionary action. When, under God, any opening comes, there will be further challenge to additional Methodist efforts and thus add to our unfinished task, this being indeed a task not yet begun.

There is another aspect in which our fields are not occupied. It is in the quality of the work done and the depth of the penetration of the gospel into all aspects of the churches' life. In every field, it is a continual struggle to keep up to standard the Christian educational, ministerial training, medical and other institutions of the Christian movement. These institutions should be leaders, both professionally and in the Christian witness. To permit great scientific institutions to develop in the midst of vast populations alien to the Christian spirit and purpose is an ominous spectre on tomorrow's horizon.

Extensively and intensively our missionary efforts have scarcely scratched the surface of the world's teeming life.

Today the younger churches are calling for help. Without any exception, they are asking for more missionaries. They find themselves unequal to their task as minority groups in the midst of millions of non-Christian folk.

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In the advance program of the Division of Foreign Missions of our Church, which we have prepared for the next General Conference, we are asking for 254 new and additional missionary couples and eighty-seven single missionaries. In addition, the Foreign Department of the Woman's Division needs at least three hundred new women missionaries. More immediately, we need forty or fifty single young men and young women who will go to Japan next summer for a three-year term to teach English in our Christian high schools and colleges. All of these must be college graduates. This Japan call is a chance for Methodist youth to render a unique service as heralds of both Christianity and democracy. Would that out of this great gathering that number could be found. This is an urgent and insistent call and it will test our mettle quite as much as answering the summons of our country to war.

Missionary passion and missionary action are essential to a church because it is a church. If, therefore, our work is well done, the younger churches in all parts of the world will become missionary churches. Indeed, some of them are already training and sending their own missionaries to countries beyond their boundaries. Recently, Cornelius Ferrer, a Crusade scholar at Drew University, said that it is his purpose upon his return to his beloved Philippines to arouse Filipino Methodists to their opportunity and duty to evangelize their fellow Malays in the South Sea Islands.

One of the astounding things in Christian missions today is that, as partners, both the leaders of the younger churches and the missionaries find the gospel of Christ sufficient for post-war needs. The Christian witness was kept alive during the war. Regardless of the confusion, the disorganized state of the church, the destruction of church buildings, parsonages, schools and hospitals, the fact remains that in no war-devastated area has the church been exterminated. In many countries it has not only kept the faith, but strengthened its faith and brought amazing witness to the power of faith. In many a land there could be

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written large and bold today a new eleventh chapter of Hebrews.

At Whitby last summer six overseas representatives told how they had become Christians—first-generation converts fresh out of non-Christian backgrounds. They were six able Christian leaders, all in places of responsibility in the Christian movement today, none of whom had been born or brought up in a Christian home nor had any of the advantage of the church school or youth fellowship for their early Christian nurture. It was a thrilling experience to hear them say that Christ is adequate and fully satisfying. As one convert from Islam said, "I was gripped by the love of Jesus and the cloud which had hidden the real God was swept away."

The ideologies of today are challenging the youth of the world for their loyalty and their service and there is a call to Christian youth to grasp their meaning and to understand better the significance of our own faith, the meaning of the church as a fellowship and of our wider ministry of service and life devotion such as no generation of youth has faced hitherto in the history of the world. In this conflict we know our job and are firm in our loyalties. We Christians have nothing to fear.

We must reject economic determinism. We know that man needs bread and that the Christian spirit and scientific technology will meet that economic need. We also know that man cannot live by bread alone and that the Christian church must proclaim to the world the source of the Bread of Life.

We reject Statism and all that means for the individual to have his life destiny determined in terms of his service to the State. That concept of life does not square with the Christian emphasis on the sacredness of human personality and the right of each man to find his own destiny in a free society. We uphold a free, voluntary way of discovering the will of God and of doing his bidding. We went to Whitby to study the message of Christ and the work of his Church in a revolutionary world. We came away convinced that a revolutionary church had a message for the world of today, and tomorrow.

Methodism---A World Church*

Arthur J. Moore

THE METHODIST Church is a constituent and important part of world Christianity. Its history is an incomparable epic of world conquest. To take away from the Church its world view is to rob it of its character and leave it something less than Christ intended it to be. Christianity lives and grows only when the vision of a redeemed world is before its eyes and its members follow in the dangerous way of the cross.

John Wesley died on March 2, 1791, in the eighty-eighth year of his life. According to one authority, he left behind one silver spoon, a worn-out clergyman's coat, a badly abused reputation, and The Methodist Church. The silver spoon is no doubt somewhere in a museum. The coat has gone the way of dust. The reputation is quite safe in the light of subsequent history. And The Methodist Church, numbering approximately thirty million souls, proudly unfurls its banner above sixty of the nations of the world.

Methodism was born, not in one of those quiet and evolutionary periods of history, but in a time of turbulence and revolution. The world then, as now, was in a crisis. Everywhere there were international disturbances and social conditions which were well-nigh intolerable. Drunkenness was rampant and slavery a reputable practice. It was obvious to men of spiritual discernment that a new birth was essential if society was to be saved from corruption, and civilization stopped short of bankruptcy. Then came that remarkable and transforming experience in Alders-

* This address was given during The Council of Bishops' Hour.

METHODISM—A WORLD CHURCH

gate Street on the evening of May 24, 1738, when John Wesley, the formal priest of Oxford, received a religious experience of such transforming power that he took his place as one of the most forceful evangelical leaders of the modern church.

It is beyond the power of imagination to conceive the contribution of The Methodist Church in the redemption of individuals and in the assertion of the Christian conscience against the great social evils of the last two centuries. Those early Methodists believed that the world was salvable and that Christ could not only save men one by one but would at last give us a safe, friendly Christian world. In this assurance they found the secret of unity and the certainty of triumph.

Methodism has lived by the majesty of its beliefs. It has majored upon unconditional affirmations. It has never lost sight of the incalculable and imperishable worth of a human soul and has always insisted upon the dignity of human life. Since John Wesley declared "the world is my parish," Methodists have looked upon the world through the eyes of Christ who died for each and every man. Methodism has never flown a national or racial flag. The song of the pioneer has ever been in its heart and upon its lips.

For more than two centuries Methodism has been characterized by a triumphant missionary aggressiveness. It has followed the vision of the eternal Christ to whom all continents, tongues and races belong. Year after year, and generation after generation, in spite of war, paganism, and disappointment, it has carried the banner of Christ's Kingdom of love and righteousness, freedom and humanity into the world of sin and selfishness, oppression and wrong. We have every right to be proud of that procession of spiritual heroes and heroines who crowd the pages of our history. Their eyes were on far horizons bent. No range of mountains has been high enough to stay their progress; no rivers deep and broad enough to daunt them; no forest dark and dense enough to withstand their advance. They have passed onward from continent to continent, frontier to frontier, offer-

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ing the Christian faith to the skeptical, scornful and sinful. In the far and lonely places of the earth they have gone with music of the Christian Crusade.

One can hardly describe the tremendous scope of the operations of The Methodist Church. We have a parish embracing fifty nations with thousands of missionaries and nationals preaching in more than a hundred tongues, with a membership outside these United States greater than the total membership of many denominations. We have overseas more than six hundred schools, hospitals and other ministering institutions. Our purely missionary operations in the home field are even more extensive. The reports reveal that we have 2,500 mission-aided churches and 250 schools, settlements and similar institutions serving the people of every state in the Union and also those of the territorial possessions.

Twentieth-century Methodism marches to its world task, not with fear but with faith, not with crutch and bandage, torn banners and quenched music, but with the sound of trumpets and with devotion to Christ who is our deathless Leader. The light that falls upon your pathway is not the light of the setting sun. It is the light of the morning. Before us is the gateway to a greater age and a redeemed world.

THE METHODIST YOUTH FUND IN ACTION*

Anniversary in Hiroshima

Mrs. F. G. Brooks

ON AUGUST 6, 1945, at 8:15 in the morning the atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima, completely destroying your Girls' School there. Just two years later to the day and minute, I was in Hiroshima taking part in a "peace festival" which that city was celebrating. On that same day last August, I was present at the dedication of the new assembly hall and the first classroom building of your Hiroshima Girls' School.

Let me tell you about Hiroshima on that fateful August day in 1945, just as Mr. Matsumoto, the principal of our school there, told it to me. At seven o'clock in the morning the younger girls at the school were in their places on the open campus where the principal told them of their duties for the day and sent them into the streets of the city. An hour later, at eight o'clock, the older girls assembled in the auditorium for their daily chapel services. An all clear had just been sounded. The B-29's, or Mr. B's as all the Japanese call them, had dropped no bombs and had gone away, but at 8:15 the atomic bomb fell and Hiroshima lay in ruins. Mr. Matsumoto struggled for half an hour to free himself of the timber, tile, and brick under which he was trapped. He found that where a few minutes before the school had stood not a single building remained. No streets, no paths—just rubble everywhere. Fifty of the girls in the chapel and eighteen of the teachers were dead. Three hundred of the younger girls on the streets had been killed. Mr. Matsumoto told me that in the hos-

* The following eight addresses were presented to the afternoon groups on The Methodist Youth Fund in Action.

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pital to which some of the girls were taken his girls were regarded as lights among their fellow patients. Up to the moment of their death they whispered prayers and sang hymns they loved. Mr. Matsumoto said, "That moment alone, the moment of death, was all the justification I ever need for our Christian school in Hiroshima."

The mystery of Hiroshima is that the bomb has not destroyed it. I saw there a symbolical resurrection in the spirit of the Christians in Hiroshima. At the memorial service on August 6, 1947, the pastor led his congregation in Japanese in singing "This Is My Father's World." Then the choir sang "Peace" by Brahms. Various speakers voiced the sentiment that if it took the destruction of Hiroshima to bring world peace it was worth the price. Hiroshima was glad to have paid with the death of one third of its inhabitants if that sacrifice could mean the end of war. It is in such a town as this that the Methodist Youth Fund sponsors a school.

Community Service in Brazil

Rosa Romano

ANY FOREIGN visitor approaching the harbor of Guanabara Bay in Rio de Janeiro is fascinated at the sight of one of the most beautiful cities of the world. Dark mountains silhouetted against the skyline show the loveliest handiwork of God. The statue of Christ the Redeemer, with outstretched arms, the Sugar Loaf, with its peculiar shape, and the pearl necklace of lights around the bay tell the people of the power of the greatest Artist.

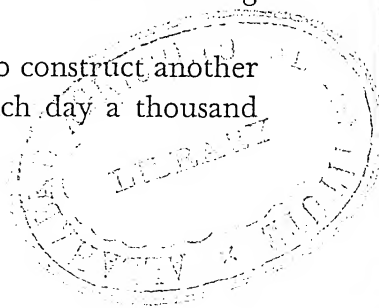
Magnificency, beauty and art are, however, contrasted at the sight of the slums upon the hills. It is the same beauty, but impoverished in its greatness by the sorrows and tears of starving and miserable people. Vices, promiscuity, delinquency have their empire on the other side of the city. Like a guide star in the sky, People's Central Institute shines to the thousands of unfortunate beings.

Someone has said that when the palm trees of the Institute are silvered in the moonlight, the squalor of the hilltop is transformed into a thing of beauty. The transformation typifies the ideal toward which the workers of the Institute are striving.

These are dreams come true: Kindergarten—Day School—Night School, with chances for those who work during the day—Sewing—Piano—Cooking—Manual Training—Clubs.

St. John's Church is a part of the Institute that presents the spiritual values and makes known to the people the transforming grace of Christ.

Presently, we are working in a campaign to construct another building for expansion of opportunities. Each day a thousand



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lives seek the educational, cultural, spiritual and health advantages of the Institute.

American youth, while the world falls in ruins, it is your privilege to start again, building a new world for the victorious Christ. Brazil extends its hands to those who possess the missionary vision, to bring out the light of Christ in their own lives, working for the coming of the Kingdom of Peace.

High Adventure in India

James K. Mathews

SHORTLY after World War I a party of British mountain climbers made an assault on Mount Everest. Among their number was a young British physician, Dr. T. H. Somervell. One day he and a companion reached a place one thousand feet from the summit—the highest men had ever been and kept their feet on the ground. That was *high adventure*.

But more *high adventure* awaited Dr. Somervell. When he went to India to climb Everest, he did not know that there was a mountain of suffering and disease in that land which also awaited conquering. He did not know how desperately doctors were needed there. He did not know, for instance, that in such a three-minute period as I am talking, six people would die of tuberculosis in India, nearly three thousand a day. Nor did he know that a like number will die of malaria in a similar period. He did not realize that in one day three hundred die of cholera; that millions go untreated for a whole catalog of diseases; that countless mothers die needlessly in childbirth. Nor had it dawned on him that although we in this room might expect to live to be an average of sixty-two years old, for India the figures for life expectancy must be reversed, twenty-six years!

When Dr. Somervell did know these things, he realized that he could not go back to a fashionable practice in London. For, when he *knew*, he cared; and because he *cared*, he *pledged* his life as a medical missionary in Travancore. He has *paid* his pledge in unselfish, Christlike service to multitudes of people. In Travancore today very few know Dr. Somervell as a mountain

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climber, but everyone knows him as a great Christian doctor.

In that same State of Travancore, Dr. M. M. George, an Indian Christian doctor, and his bride, also a physician, had the same glorious vision of service. Prompted by the same motives as Dr. Somervell, they decided to forego a lucrative practice elsewhere and went to serve in Puntamba in Western India. Any similarity between the hospital in Puntamba and that one in your home town is in name only. For there we have a small dispensary of two rooms, a tiny operating room, a small ward for a few beds—and patients “draped” everywhere. But it is the only hospital within a radius of fifty miles. In that vast area are living perhaps ten thousand Christians and many times that number of non-Christians. For them Puntamba is an inn of healing, a haven where life and health may be found. In these crowded surroundings last year the Georges treated 32,000 cases; they performed 1,000 operations, one third of them major.

In this ministry of healing you have shared, for the Methodist Youth Fund helps out at Puntamba. This is the Methodist Youth Fund in action indeed! The hands of these two Indian doctors have become *your* hands overseas. They have become also to thousands the healing hands of a Living Christ who is still going about doing good. Because you gave up a “coke” you may have helped old Ramchandra to have the cataracts removed from his eyes. He went forth seeing. Because you took one less milk shake. Chandrikabai may have been able to get through a difficult childbirth. When you, casually—almost thoughtlessly—gave to the Methodist Youth Fund, you may have helped to treat Sushila’s sore eyes, or Tukaram’s broken leg.

Puntamba is worthy of your increased interest, for it is symbolic of India’s great need of healing; symbolic of our aching world. I hope you will come to *know* more about it; that you will *care* a lot; that you will *pledge* not only your continued gifts, but that out of this group someone may *care* enough to *pledge* his life, as have Dr. Somervell and the Georges, to make the Great Physician more widely known throughout the earth.

Christ Comes to Cuba

Elizabeth M. Lee

ONE MAY morning in 1941 I got off the train in a country station in the heart of Cuba. Riding in an auto-carrill out through miles of sugar fields, I soon came to the great sugar factory village of Baguanos.

There was no outward sign of Christianity. No missionary residence, no church, no equipment. Only Lorraine Buck, a missionary with a violin. The factory manager allowed Lorraine to use a room in the schoolhouse. There every night she played her fiddle. The young people came to see what it was all about, learned to sing, and asked eager questions. Lorraine became a friend to all the village.

Soon a missionary home was built. The young people helped more and rejoiced over the name, House of Friendship. Then the people wanted a church and helped raise money for it. There was no Cuban minister available for appointment, so Eulalia Cook, who was the sole missionary in Baguanos after Lorraine Buck was appointed to the Seminary in Matanzas, took out a local preacher's license so the Bishop could appoint her as regular pastor. You should hear about the first marriage ceremony she ever performed!

The young people became filled with Christ's spirit and began all kinds of good works. They helped in a mission with the Jamaicans, rode horseback out over the hills to bring Christ to their distant neighbors, and, inspired by Frank Laubach, formed a Committee on Literacy.

Arsenio, assistant mason at the sugar mill, was their first lit-

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eracy experiment. When the young people had taught him to read, he went home and taught all his family. Then he mounted his horse and cantered out over the hills, telling the villagers how wonderful and how easy it was to learn to read and write. And the factory manager said of Arsenio, "You should have seen him when the next pay day came around. He used to be in that group of workmen who had to make fingerprints as receipt for wages. But this day Arsenio scornfully pushed aside the thumb-print book, proudly took a pen and wrote his own name on the receipt."

Do you see what Methodist Youth Fellowship has helped to do? Six years ago there was no church in Baguanos, no missionary home, no social center. Today, you will find the House of Friendship, the beautiful little church, the social activities pavilion, and an eager group of young people who by their own living are making Christ known all over that sugar country in Cuba.

You have done it once. How about helping to do it a dozen times so that all of rural Cuba may know your Christ?

Christian Action in the Arctic

Dorothy Russell

IT IS a long way to far-away Alaska, but the magic carpet of the Methodist Youth Fund can quickly take us to the town of Nome situated on Bering Sea just below the Arctic Circle. Nome has a population of 1,500 and of these about eight hundred are Eskimos. It is to the Eskimo population of Nome that the Lavinia Wallace Young Mission ministers.

Nome has always been a white man's town. The Eskimo came in from the villages to find work. The work of the Mission began in 1913 and since then has ministered to the spiritual, social and recreational needs of the people.

Our young people meet many temptations. All too often they yield. Recently, when asked if the liquor situation in Alaska was as bad as it was reported to be, I had to reply that at least as far as Nome was concerned it had not been exaggerated. For, in our town of 1,500, there were eight places where you could buy anything you wanted to drink. Today the Eskimo can get liquor the same as anyone else. This is only one of the things that our people, young and old, have to face, and it is to help them that the Mission carries on a full program of activities. We believe that the spiritual should always be a vital part of our program, for it is not much use to teach people higher ideals of living unless you give them something to help them live up to those ideals.

The young people come to the club house, next door to the church, several evenings a month for a social time together. They like the same kind of games that you do. And they love to sing.

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We do not have the same kind of program for them that you have in your Youth Fellowship on Sunday evening. But since they like music they get together after church on Sunday evening for a sing. Sunday morning finds them in Sunday school.

The boys and girls each have their clubs, meeting one evening each week. Crafts, handwork and games, both active and quiet, keep them occupied. The evenings close with a short devotional and a good night circle. They also have their own classes in Sunday school. The attendance is as good and usually better than during the week.

On Sunday morning the children meet in the club house for their Sunday school. We want them to feel that they are as much a part of the church as if they were meeting in the church building, so we call it "the little church." They study the same lessons and sing the same songs that the children do who go to your Sunday school. One afternoon each week they come for their Children's Bible Class, enjoying Bible stories, handwork and music. Another afternoon they come for games. Their homes are small and the gymnasium at school and the Mission club house are the only places they have to romp and play in an active way.

Sunday evening finds young and old gathered for the evening service. We used to use an interpreter so that those who could not understand English well might know what was said. Only occasionally is this done now, for most of the people know English well enough to understand the sermon. But they still like to sing the translated hymns, especially the Christmas carols. The attendance at the Thursday evening Bible study and prayer service would put many a group in the States to shame.

It is because of what you give to the Methodist Youth Fund that these your Eskimo friends have learned and are learning to know about the Christ. And our hope for them is that they, too, will come to place "Christ Above All."

Africa for Christ

Newell S. Booth

AFRICA can still be won completely for Christ. In order to do that Christ must be kept central in education. As a part of the widespread work through the M Y Fund, Methodist youth are helping to do that in five countries of the Elisabethville Area. You are there—open your eyes to see what you are doing. You are sending Julius Mucambe up and down the reef among the gold miners of Johannesburg, inspiring and training Sunday school teachers and distributing literature under the direction of Bess Persson.

Expense money is provided for Omar and Eva Hartsler in Angola as they initiate a campaign for the improvement of Christian education and hold a youth camp on Quessua hill. (Equipment for visual education is being purchased for the use of Omar Hartsler to make more vital the presentation of education to the people.)

Four full-program week-day schools of religion are held in Mozambique where regular schools are forbidden. Sunday school literature is produced and printed in the Central Congo under the direction of the chairman of the Board of Education, Myrtle Zicafoose.

Funds are provided for the formation of the Rhodesia Conference Youth Fellowship, including the expense of a conference-wide youth convention. Three bicycles are constantly on the roads and bypaths of the Southern Congo mounted by district secretaries of religious education and youth work—David Munan

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in Kapanga, Albert Mukambi in Mulunguishi, and John Wesley Teba around Elisabethville.

In these ways Methodist youth are actually in Africa making it more possible to keep Christ central in life there, and they have made a great difference. There are seventeen other projects I wish the Fund would stretch to cover. I want to speak of two to show the kind of thing that will be done when the Fund grows larger, as I have every confidence it will this year.

One is the opening of more week-day schools of religion in Portuguese East Africa. I wish you could see Maria who has just finished the Bible School Course at Kambini after her graduation from Gikuki. She is anxious to serve. There is a large community where there is no school except the Priest's School to which our folk are compelled to go. The people are ready to pay part. One hundred dollars a year will make it possible for Maria to have a school there. There are at least six other boys and girls and communities like that.

In the program of the Crusade for Christ in strengthening Christian education, Rhodesia wants to hold a series of training conferences—first for leaders from the whole conference—then more representative ones in each district and finally in each circuit to bring ministers, supply pastors, teachers, Sunday school workers to study and work together, that they may lead to fuller Christlike living.

The Methodist Youth Fund can undertake these and the other fifteen projects in the Elisabethville Area. It's up to you!

Korea Calling

You-Du Kang

ABOUT forty years ago there was a man in a part of town in Korea. His name was Kim, but his nickname was "Drunkard Monster." He didn't have a proper job. Every day he was loafing around the market places and drinking and seeking quarrels and fightings. He was a little over twenty, and had strong physical strength. Whenever he got drunk he liked to kick people. He didn't fear anyone or anything. So all the people were afraid to meet him. Even his family rather wished him dead because they could hardly stand the troubles which he made, and the whole town couldn't be in peace.

One night he drank too much and he couldn't find his way to his home, and he slept all night on the sidewalk. Early next morning he woke up and felt thirsty. He walked along the road to find a bar to drink some wine again. Walking on the road, he saw a dim light coming out through a window of a small building and heard some strange noises, too. It was a small church and they were having the early morning prayer service.

He was inspired by the sermon, "Jesus Is Calling You." From this day he became an entirely different person. Later he became a minister and won many souls for Christ. Christianity reformed him and brought peace to that town.

I think you would like to hear about Chemulpo, which is specially your own foster child in Korea.

Chemulpo is the second greatest port in Korea. Most of the American ships came back and forth through this harbor after the war, so it became the gate of Korea. Furthermore, the biggest

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airport is near this city, too. It is now growing rapidly. There are many islands out of Chemulpo. There are all kinds of people, fishermen, traders, laborers on the harbor and airport, travelers, brokers and gamblers. Many Christian leaders have come from this place.

There were several small churches, one primary school for girls and boys, and one dispensary. During the war the dispensary only could operate properly. Churches and schools were closed. Several ministers were killed in prison. Many people were disappointed and degenerated ethically and spiritually.

But it is different now.

In Chemulpo all the churches are opened wide. But as Chemulpo is nearer to the northern Korea, which is in the Russian Zone now, the wrong ideas of communism have come into this place, too. At present most of the people are in a chaotic state spiritually. Right now Chemulpo needs leaders more than ever before. Since the war there has been no missionary there and there is a great lack of leaders. Only one missionary is on the way.

In Chemulpo we need social evangelistic workers, who will help train kindergarten teachers and Sunday school workers and who will teach the people of these islands. Ninety per cent of the population cannot get into the schools. It means the Christian workers of this place have doubly heavy jobs. They need to have a medical public health and social center to help and lead the poor fishermen and laborers. Since the war the missionary home has been filled with refugees; there is a family living in every room. They have no home to which to go.

Now, in this honorable opportunity, I want to convey to you the grateful appreciation of Korean Christians; and I dare to remind you that your foster child needs your great help more than ever before. Thank you!

Methodism and the Navajos

Tom Dennison

PICTURE if you can an arid reservation about four times the size of Massachusetts (25,000 square miles in area) located in New Mexico and Arizona. Over this area about 60,000 Navajos are scattered. The Navajo tribe is the largest Indian tribe in the United States. The tribe, as a whole, is illiterate but at the present moment they are looking forward to educating more of the children with the aid of government and mission schools. Though it is a land of sunshine, tuberculosis and other diseases are prevalent due to unsanitary conditions in the homes, lack of medical service and deficiency in diet. We depend on stock raising, chiefly sheep, for a living, with rug weaving and silversmithing adding to the meager incomes.

The religion of my people is one of superstition and fear of evil spirits. These must be dealt with through medicine men at "sings" and the sacred chants which have been handed down by mouth from generations back. It is considered that the Navajo language is one of the hardest languages in the world. This makes it very hard for the missionaries to get the gospel across to my people. Our great needs are Christ, education, and medical service.

I can well remember the day I came from such a background as this to the Navajo Methodist Mission School, located one mile west of Farmington, in the northwestern part of New Mexico. I count it all as from the Lord—the way he led me to this fine institution where more than half of my life has been spent and where I have acquired my spiritual and mental learning.

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Navajo Methodist Mission School is fully accredited by the State of New Mexico. The student enrollment this year is 167 with forty-two of this number in high school. With the exception of a few Hopi, Cherokee, and Yumas, the students are Navajos.

We have our own beautiful chapel on the campus and hold Sunday school classes and church services each week. Sunday evenings there are Fellowship services for various age groups and there is a mid-week prayer meeting for high school students.

Within the last few years services have been organized at various points on the reservation and through the use of student interpreters the gospel message has been given regularly to the Navajos. It has been my privilege to be one of the interpreters.

Two small Mission out-schools at Bisti and Huerfano have opened this year. The Lord has been good to the Navajo people in giving them these schools, as here the children will receive the gospel regularly.

I am glad that the Lord Jesus Christ came to seek and to save me, a sinner, a poor sheep herder. I, as a Navajo, treasure Navajo Methodist Mission School, as it has been a home to me for thirteen years. The spiritual and mental training which I have received I can never repay except in the life of service.

Part III
THE CHURCH

WHO'S WHO

BROOKS, ROBERT N., New Orleans, Louisiana: Resident Bishop, The New Orleans Area.

MAGEE, J. RALPH, Chicago, Illinois: Resident Bishop, Chicago Area, The Methodist Church. Director of the Crusade for Christ.

QUILLIAN, PAUL W., Houston, Texas: Minister, First Methodist Church, Houston.

RAINES, RICHARD C., Minneapolis, Minnesota: Minister, Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church, Minneapolis.

RIPPY, M. LEO, Nashville, Tennessee: Director, Department of Christian Education of Adults, Division of the Local Church of the Board of Education.

On This I Will Build

Paul W. Quillian

WHAT DO we mean when we speak of the Church? *Who* do we mean when we speak of the Church? "I belong to the Church," says one person. "I do not belong to the Church," says another person. "The Church ought to do this." "The Church ought to do that." *What* do we mean by "The Church"? *Who* do we mean by "The Church"? *Why* should we care about the Church?

Sometime ago, during the Easter season, I received a large group of young people into the Church. Among them was a lad who at first had not been interested in the class preparing for church membership. However, just before Palm Sunday he had gone to his church school teacher and insisted that he just *had* to join the Church at once. Much impressed with his earnestness, his teacher phoned me asking that I receive him along with the others and continue his training after he was received. This I agreed to do and he was received into the Church on Palm Sunday. A few days later my phone rang, and over the wire came a voice of a boy now completely disillusioned and cynical about the Church, saying, "I told him it wouldn't do any good and it didn't. My dog died last night anyhow."

Before we allow ourselves to feel too superior to a chap who joins the Church so that a highly gratified God will take time out to cure his dog, perhaps we had better examine more closely our own conception of the Church. Why is there a Church? Where did the Church come from? How is it important?

Well, certainly, whatever else we may mean when we speak of

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the Church, we are referring to people. When we say, "I belong to the Church," we mean, "I belong to a company of people." When we say, "The Church ought to do this or that," we mean that certain people ought to do this or that.

Furthermore, whatever else we may mean, when we speak of the Church, we mean not only people, but people who have some kind of relationship to Jesus Christ. When we speak of the Church, we mean the Christian Church. Whether we are thinking of the Protestant Churches, the Roman Catholic, or the Eastern Orthodox Church, we are thinking of people who despite all differences have one thing in common, their love for Christ.

Probably in our search for the meaning of the Church, it would help us to look at the origin, the very beginning of that company who are in some unique way related to Jesus Christ. Let's use our imagination now and picture a scene that occurred one day while Jesus and his twelve disciples were on their way to the city of Caesarea Philippi.

Possibly it was while Jesus and his disciples were resting at noontime in some welcome bit of shade by the roadside. For almost three years now these twelve men have been Jesus' constant companions. They have heard him teach. They have seen him work. They have learned his inmost desires, his motives, his spirit. Jesus knows that his enemies will continue their efforts to kill him and that it will not be very long before his work in the companionship of these men will be ended in death.

Now he speaks to them, "Men, what are the people saying about my work? Who do they say that I am?" From first one and then another of the disciples come the replies. "Some of them think that you are John the Baptist returned from the dead to haunt the evil king who had you killed." "Some say that you are Elijah, or Jeremiah, or one of the ancient prophets who has returned to the earth to walk among men and tell them of God's will."

Now comes the question that means so much to Jesus. He

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looks eagerly into the faces of these twelve friends and says, "But what do you think about me and my work? Whom do you say that I am?" Any one of them could have answered, but the impetuous Peter breaks into speech first. "Why, we believe that you are the Christ, the Messiah, the Son of the Living God."

Happy that they are beginning at last to understand him and what he is seeking to do, Jesus says to them, "My Heavenly Father has revealed this to you." And then turning to Peter, Jesus makes a clever play on words. "Thou art Peter (which in Greek is Petros), and on this *petra* (which is the Greek word for stone or rock) I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Here then was the rock, the foundation on which the Christian Church was to be built. Here in this little company of twelve men was the origin, the beginning of the Christian Church.

Out of this little company there has come down through the years a witness to Christ. They were witnesses for him then, and the Church in every generation since has been a company of witnesses for Christ. What was it about this little company of twelve men that made Jesus say he would build his Church on this foundation?

First, they believed that he, Jesus, was the Son of God. Second, they followed him. Third, they tried to do God's will as they saw this will revealed in him.

The Church of today is also built on this foundation. The Church in every generation has been composed of those people who believe in Jesus as the Son of God, who seek to follow him, and who try to do God's will as it was revealed in Christ.

In this first little company of twelve men there was one who later denied him and one who betrayed him. Nevertheless, the Church developed from this beginning was built upon this foundation. Just so in every generation since and even today there are in the church fellowship some who deny him and some who betray him. Nevertheless, the Church goes on build-

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ing upon the foundation of a fellowship of people who believe in Jesus, seek to follow him and try to do his will.

Let us see first how this faith in Jesus as the Son of God has grown from its original beginning with twelve men. After Jesus was crucified and rose from the dead he showed himself to the disciples and to certain others who believed on him. He told them to wait at Jerusalem until they received the assurance of his living though invisible companionship by receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

We find then that on the Day of Pentecost, fifty days after his resurrection, there were not twelve, but 120 believers, men and women, gathered together. After God's Spirit came upon them that day they gave their witness to Christ to the scoffers who had gathered to jeer at them, and the record says that three thousand were added to the Church that day.

Everywhere the disciples went they told others of Jesus. Philip was walking along the highway when a man driving a chariot stopped beside him. This man was a trusted government official of Ethiopia. Philip told him of Jesus so winsomely that this official asked to be baptized at once and received into the fellowship. He then continued his journey home and ere long in Ethiopia he was telling again the story of Jesus, and so the Church began in Ethiopia.

For some time the disciples spoke of Jesus only to the Jews, not to the despised Samaritans, and not to the alien Gentiles. But God's revelation in Christ was not to be stopped by ancient prejudices and soon two of the disciples were preaching in Samaria and Samaritan men and women were crying, "We, too, believe."

Then Peter one day was asleep on a housetop in Joppa. Suddenly he saw a vision of a sheet let down out of heaven filled with the kind of animals that he had always thought were unclean. A voice from heaven told him, "That which God has cleansed, call not thou common." This happened three times and then he heard a knock at the door below and three men stood

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there asking for him. They were messengers from a Gentile military officer whose name was Cornelius. They had been sent to ask Peter to come and tell the household of Cornelius about Jesus. Peter was about to refuse because Cornelius was a Gentile when he remembered the warning dream God had sent him, and so he consented to go. When he preached in the home of Cornelius many believed on Jesus, and thus the Church began to grow among the Gentiles.

A tentmaker from Tarsus, whose name was Saul, had been a great persecutor of the Church. One day he took care of the cloaks and watched while a group of his friends stoned to death a young Christian whose name was Stephen. Stephen's faith in Christ was so beautiful that Saul could not forget it. Not long after he was on his way to Damascus to continue his persecutions, but something happened to him on the road. He had an experience that convinced him that Jesus was truly the Son of God, and soon we see Saul, now called by his new name Paul, journeying through the cities of Asia Minor telling people of Jesus. In Antioch, in Derbe, in Lystra, and many other cities, many believed and the Church continued to grow.

One day Paul was at Troas when deep in his heart he heard the cry of the people of Macedonia saying, "Come over and help us." Macedonia was in Europe across the sea that separates Asia Minor from Greece. How fortunate for us today that Paul answered that appeal and dared the dangerous journey. He preached in Philippi and was put in jail for it. But soon the jailer believed in Jesus and Paul was set free to go on to Thessalonica and Corinth and Athens.

After a while Paul was arrested again and sent to Rome to be tried before Caesar. From his jail cell in Rome he preached and soon a company in Rome also believed in Jesus and the Church spread on and on. From Rome believers visited France and Germany and England and the name of Jesus became a dear word to countless thousands of new believers.

At last the ships of the new colonists touched the shores of

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America, bringing with them their faith in Jesus as the Son of God. In New England, in Maryland, in Carolina, in Virginia, in Georgia, church buildings were erected and the Church of believing souls grew on.

Less than 150 years ago in the town of Kettering in England a little group of men were gathered. They did not have a thousand dollars among the whole of them, but they did have a great love of Christ and a burning desire that all men everywhere should believe on him. And so they sent William Carey out to India to tell the story of Jesus. For twenty years he labored there with hardly a single convert to show for all his work. And then a few believed, then more and more the work spread to other countries. Other missionaries came from England, from Holland, from Scandinavia, from Germany, from America. Jesus was preached in China, in Japan, in Korea, in Africa, in South America, in the islands of the sea, and the Church grew and grew.

First twelve men, then 120, then three thousand, then a hundred thousand, then a million, and now today, on every continent, in every land on which God's sun shines, there is a company of people who believe on Jesus and follow Jesus and seek to do his will. All together they number over six hundred million souls. Today throughout the world four times as many people believe in Jesus as there are citizens in the United States. Still among them, as among the first twelve, there are those who deny Christ as Peter once did under heavy pressure. There are probably others who betray Christ as Judas once did. But who are we to judge our brethren? We need to say, as the disciples did, "Lord, is it I?" Instead of criticizing let us rather rejoice that on the foundation of twelve believing disciples Jesus has built his Church that now girdles the earth. It is composed of men and women of every race and nation, and color and language, but by one tie they are bound into a fellowship of brethren, and that tie is our common faith that God, our Heavenly Father, is like Jesus. In Jesus God draws near and shows us his love and his will

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in a way we can understand. Through Jesus we can receive God's forgiveness for our sins and by his help begin a new way of life.

But belief in Jesus as the Son of God would not have been enough by itself to prepare this little company of twelve men to become the foundation of the Church. They followed Christ and sought to do God's will as it was revealed in Christ. They were not perfect. They made mistakes and at times they revealed weaknesses. Nevertheless, they had a conviction that the same Spirit of God that was perfectly revealed in Jesus was trying to work through them also. After Christ no longer had a physical voice through which he could speak or physical hands with which to work, his spirit could use their voices and their hands. This is what Paul meant when he wrote, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." The Church was the company of people through whom Christ's spirit could work on earth. The Church was and is the body of Christ.

What does the Church mean? It means a fellowship in which men in every generation have found strength to stand courageously against tyrants who would enslave the human spirit. Seventeen hundred years ago the Emperor of Rome sought to make the people worship him as a god, as well as obey him as an emperor. Who dared to refuse? A little band of men and women who called themselves Christians. For this reason they were hated and hunted by the officials of the Emperor. When caught they were thrown to the lions in the arena. They were nailed to crosses, covered with oil and set afire to make blazing torches that lighted the roadway along which the Emperor and his sycophantic courtiers should ride. But the Church could not be destroyed. Go to Rome now and you can still walk in the limestone caves underneath the city, the catacombs, where these brave souls met in the midnight hours to sing their hymns and share their faith in Jesus Christ. The password that admitted a member into the secret hiding place was the whispered sentence, "Jesus is Lord." When we stand on Sundays in our beautiful churches to repeat the creed, we are but saying in an expanded form the statement

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of faith that once admitted a Christian through the guarded door of a hidden place of worship. The secret sign by which one Christian seeking help from a brother Christian identified himself was the sign of the fish. Why the sign of the fish? Because the letters of the Greek word for fish (*ichthos*) stand for the first letters of the Greek words which mean Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour. And so a courageous band stood against a tyrant seventeen hundred years ago.

That spirit of courage is not dead today. In recent years another tyrant rose to power in Germany. He, too, sought to enslave men's minds and souls. Who dared to stand against him today as Christians did in the long ago? Hear the testimony of Albert Einstein, one of our greatest scientists, who fled from his own country, Germany, to escape this tyrant, "Having always been an ardent partisan of freedom, I turned to the universities to find there defenders of freedom. I did not find them. I turned to the editors of powerful newspapers. These men were reduced to silence in a few weeks. I then addressed myself to the authors who had posed as intellectual guides. They, in turn were dumb. Only the Church opposed the fight against liberty. Until then I had no interest in the Church, but now I feel a great admiration for it, and am greatly attracted to it. It has had the persistent courage to fight for spiritual truth and moral freedom. I feel obliged to recognize that I now admire what I used to consider of little value."

Would you like to see a picture of this modern church fellowship in a day of desperate danger? Then, listen to Martin Niemoller as he tells the story of his years in a concentration camp. Martin Niemoller was a minister of the Lutheran Church in Germany. When Adolf Hitler sought to stifle the freedom of men's minds and sought to debase their souls by fostering hatred of the Jews and by trying to restore the ancient pagan religion of Germany and stamp out the love of Christ, Niemoller defied him. Time after time in his pulpit and by the written word he dared to challenge the authority of any man or government who tried

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to persuade the people to turn away from Christ. He was seized by the soldiers and placed in a concentration camp. After eight months in this camp he was taken to the Sachsenhausen Camp. He was placed in a cell four yards long and three yards wide. For three years and three months that solitary cell was his home. In that cell he had his Bible and his faith in Christ. But how could he preach? He was a minister of the Church, but what could he do? How could there be a church in a place like this? The third morning he heard footsteps outside his cell in the courtyard. Putting a stool on top of the table, he climbed up and peeped out of the one little window. He saw a few prisoners outside walking in a circle, one behind the other, five steps between them. Under the watchful eye of the guards they marched round and round. And in their marching each one passed just below this window. The following morning Niemoller was ready. He had selected two verses from his Bible, one from the Old Testament, and one from the New. They were brief verses. So brief that while the prisoner was walking beneath the window of the little cell he could say the verse over just loud enough for his brother prisoner to hear. So then every day every prisoner in that courtyard heard the Word of God. Now hear what Niemoller himself writes, "And so every time a prisoner and myself were together even for a brief moment through the little window, the Church was there. 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' "

And so in your day and mine as well as in the days of long ago, the Church means a fellowship that brings courage to the hearts of those who seek to follow Christ. But men need courage not only for enduring persecution and oppression, but men need courage to change the course of events in human history. Men in every generation must stand against injustice, fight for truth, work against prejudice and sacrifice for the betterment of the conditions under which human beings live.

Henry P. Van Dusen, president of Union Theological Seminary, in his recent book *World Christianity*, says that the last

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150 years has been the period of Christianity's largest influence upon the culture of which it has formed a part. The nineteenth century was marked by the greatest succession of crusades for the improvement of conditions under which human beings live than any other period in human history. "Beginning with agitation for the ending of the slave trade early in the century, the consciences of men, especially in English-speaking lands, were claimed for one cause after another of human betterment. Prison reform, abolition of chattel slavery, improved factory conditions, the founding of the Red Cross, elimination of child labor, equality for women, universal education, temperance, recognition of the rights of organized labor, public health, care of the insane and the infirm, social services, efforts for world peace. These are only the more notable instances in the long list. It cannot be said that Christianity alone was responsible for most of them. But it must be said that men and women driven by Christian ideals to heroic and often sacrificial exertion in their behalf were vital factors in each."

Through your hands and skills Christ will come on earth. I look in memory at the picture of George Washington Carver, a Negro scientist, kneeling and praying to the Christ he loved to share the secrets of the humble things of agriculture. I think of this world Carver discovered. He helped everybody. There is another man, who means a great deal to the people of Cleveland, Ohio, as well as this world, Sam Higginbottom. He was graduated from the University of Ohio and went to Dartmouth. Having finished his education he gave himself to the people to go to India as an agricultural missionary and take barren earth and make it blossom as the rose.

I think of a time twenty-three years ago when a young man stood right where I am standing now and talked to six thousand college students. He told them a simple story. He said, "I love the Christ and he called me to serve him." Dr. Walter Judd went out to the Orient and gave service for Christ. Then he found he could serve the people of China more adequately if

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he could have a part in the missionary education program of our country. He came back to the United States and ran for Congress, and Walter Judd there in the Congress of the United States is still a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. Every week a little company of Congressmen, among whom is Walter Judd, meet in a sacred place, and for one hour they pray together that God through them may let Christ represent life.

So then to belong to the Church means not only to believe in Christ, to believe in Jesus as the Son of God, but means to seek to follow him in this day as his followers have done in every generation. To join in a crusade for a better world order, for improved working conditions and living conditions for our fellowmen, to crusade for the removal of prejudice, the promotion of brotherhood and peace may mean cross bearing, but it is a vital part of the meaning of the Church. Fellowship with Christ brings cessation of conflict within, but at times it may involve unflinching conflict with evil forces in the social order round about us. There are still times when it is quite appropriate to say, "Like a mighty army moves the Church of God."

It is not the important thing how much money you make or how much prestige you have. The important thing is, will Christ have control enough of your personality to get his will done on earth?

But sometimes the hardest battle in which the human spirit engages is not a battle against a tyrant who has taken control of the government, nor is it a conflict with evil forces in the social order round about us who seek to defile and destroy the best in human life. Sometimes the Church means a fellowship of the spirit that sustains a beleaguered soul when a solitary human spirit is fighting against personal circumstances that threaten to make life meaningless, joyless, and lonely. What can the Church mean to one person facing the complete destruction of all his fondest dreams and hopes? Well, here is the true story of what the Church meant to one such soul.

A little over three years ago a new pastor took charge of a

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church in a city in West Texas. After a few Sundays he noticed that every week there was an envelope in the collection plate, or in the mail, containing forty, or forty-five, or fifty cents. Across the face of the envelope was always written the words, "My tithe," and it was signed Joe Prine. He made inquiry and found that Joe Prine was a young man who was a tubercular and lived in a little lean-to hut in the back yard of a kindly friend whose house was near the outskirts of the city. This pastor went to call on Joe Prine and found that now he was confined constantly to his bed. In this little one-room lean-to this preacher met God face to face in the spirit of a lovely human soul. A kindly nurse, who had waited on him when a few years before Joe had been a patient in a sanatorium, came in every morning and prepared his simple food for the day. She would place this food in the ice box where he would manage to get to it when hungry, bring his mail to him, and do what other kindly acts of Christian fellowship it was possible for her to do before and after her own long hours of service as a nurse on another case. Joe had a little pension which came every month bringing him from \$18 to \$23 each month. By his bedside were his church papers through which he kept up not only with the activities of the Church in that city but also with the activities of the great Church around the world. As he talked with his pastor the theme of his conversation was not his own pitiful condition. He had long since been told the truth by his doctor. His earthly life was to be measured in months, not years. His body lived in a lean-to shack, but his spirit roamed the wide expanse of the universe in the fellowship with the Church of God. Each week he wanted to have a part in the worship at the sanctuary, but since he could not be there in person his tithe was sent in his church envelope by kindly hands of neighbors, or by the mail. Though not a general, or even a lieutenant, he still wanted to be a foot soldier in the army of his Christ.

When Christmas time came this pastor received from a soldier overseas, who was also a member of the church, a check for \$50

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together with a note saying, "Use this money, pastor, to help some child of God have a happy Christmas." At once the pastor's thoughts turned to Joe Prine. How much \$50 could mean to this dear man in providing some physical comforts that he sorely needed. Happy with the thought of how much Christmas cheer this \$50 could bring to Joe, the preacher hurried out to his little shack that very afternoon. After telling him of the far-off soldier's Christmas good wishes he handed Joe the check and said, "This is for your Christmas." Tears of happiness began to steal down the thin face of the man as in an exultant voice he said, "Preacher, this is one of the happiest moments I have had in years. Since I have been sick there has been so little I could do for my Christ and his Church. Every Christmas I have wanted to make an offering for the support of our children in the orphans' home, and an offering to help with our mission work, and now God has been so good to me, this check enables me to make my Christmas wish come true. I want you to take \$25 of this check and send it to our Methodist Home for Orphan Children, and the other \$25 for our Church's missionary work overseas." To the preacher's insistent plea that most of the money be used to buy some personal comforts, Joe turned a deaf ear. "This is God's answer to my prayers," he said. "He knew I wanted to help, and now he has given me this chance."

Five weeks ago when the kindly nurse came on her morning mission of mercy she found that during the night the spirit of Joe Prine had slipped out to walk the wide expanses of the universe with his companion Christ. In the drawer of the table by the head of his bed she found three envelopes. In each of them was his offering of love, and across the front of them was written, "My Tithe," and his name, "Joe Prine." He, too, was a member of the Church. "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

But the most important question now is not, "What has the Church meant to others," but "What does the Church mean to you?" Are you truly a part of that fellowship who believe that

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Jesus is the Son of God, and who seek to follow him and strive to do his will?

John Arthur Gossip reminds us that this is a tremendous day of terror and of hope. And before each of us God has sent life and death and we must choose between them.

“There shall always be the Church and the world,
And the heart of man,
Shivering and fluttering between them,
Choosing and being chosen,
Valiant, ignoble, dark, and full of light,
Swinging between Hell-Gate and Heaven-Gate,
And the gates of Hell shall not prevail,
Darkness now, then light.”

But on which side are we?

Salt, Light, and Leaven

Richard C. Raines

JESUS gathered about himself a group of disciples. After he had shared with them of his spirit and message and methods, he sent them forth two by two to teach, to preach, and to heal. This was the first Crusade for Christ. And they returned exultant, amazingly successful. Peter got ahead of the rest of them as he usually did, and told his story first. It was more colorful and adventuresome than the others, and there grew up dissension growing out of the ideas as to who was greatest. They had come back saying, "What wonderful things we have been able to do for the Kingdom of God." Now they were saying, "What wonderful things *we* have been able to do for the Kingdom of God." Now a little shift in emphasis makes a great deal of difference. There is a town out in Idaho on the Northern Pacific the name of which is spelled E-U-R-A-L-I-A. As you come in there on the train, the conductor will put in his head in one end of the coach and shout "Yur—a—liar!" "Yur—a—liar!" Scarcely will the sound of his voice die before the flagman will put his head in the other end of the coach and shout, "U—really—ar—r!" "U—really—ar—r!" Now it's the same train, the same town, the same everything—just a little difference in emphasis.

Our Lord saw the difficulty in the life of his disciples and he could have punctured the distended balloon of their self-esteem with one rapier-like thrust of his sarcasm if he had so desired. But he did not wish to spoil their first pristine sense of victory. He did not lecture them—he did not criticize them—he did not

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preach to them! He issued them an invitation. He said, "Come ye apart into a desert place and rest a while." Why did he do that? Because he had found the need for it in his own life. If you are familiar with the New Testament at all, you remember that again and again when the disciples came to find Jesus in the early morning he was not where he had spent the night. They discovered him out upon the hillside alone, where he had been in prayer since before dawn.

When our Lord came to the most difficult day of his life in a way—the choice of his disciples—he spent the whole preceding night in prayer. When the love-method was not working so well and the people wanted to make him a king and he was perhaps sorely tempted to let them do so, he sent the mob away, and he himself climbed to the top of the mountain and wrestled there in prayer. It was in the Garden of Gethsemane again that Jesus found his answer and could say, "Father, not my will but thine." That is, our Lord never suggested anything to anybody that he hadn't hammered out on the hard anvil of his own personal experience.

Now, *why* did Jesus have to do this? I believe because God made the human mind the way he did. The mind is subject, as all life is subject, to the law of alternation. Night follows day; we work, then we must rest; the heart beats and then it must rest; the eye looks, and then involuntarily the eye winker comes down and closes it. (Of course, in certain circumstances, the eye winker closes itself voluntarily, too, but that's another matter!) We eat and then we must have time for absorbing the energy from the food. The mind is like a delicate muscle. You can train it until it will do exquisite work, but you use it, use it, use it, and at last it tumbles. The mind is like the corner grocery store on delivery day. All the things of the week have arrived there in a heterogeneous imbroglio of unrelated articles—there are matches and mothballs, mixed pickles and beans, bologna, brooms, and bananas—and everything all piled in the center of the floor. You can't do any acceptable business, so you leave, go

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home, and come back in an hour or two. Then you find everything where it belongs, the beans and the bologna and the mothballs and the various things located, so that you can do business. There are so many people I meet (and sometimes I find myself in this frame of mind too) who have cluttered up in the forefront of their minds so many fancies and whims and fears and hopes and dreams and wishes—undigested and unorganized—that they cannot do any acceptable business with themselves or with life. They need to accept our Lord's invitation, "Come ye apart and rest a while."

What is it our Lord wanted us to do? He wanted us to do what the navigator does when he has been out in a storm and he finds himself blown off his course. The first time he gets a chance to take a sighting on the sun or on a recognizable and identifiable star, he then does so and knows where he is, how far he has been blown off his course, and what his home port is. Our Lord is asking us to do exactly what we do when the battery in our car is run down. We plug it in the main dynamo and bring it back up to par. Our Lord is asking us to use our intelligence as regards these most strategic moments, the first moments of the day. Why should we like human cats meander into our day or walk along precariously on a fence waiting to see whether a boy on one side with a rock or a dog on the other should cause us to jump down on one side or the other. Why should we not like intelligent people take a look at something great and good and say, "These are my assets and these are my liabilities, and this is the kind of day I want to live." And as we dress ourselves carefully physically, we dress the mind and the spirit with which we walk out into the day. If we do that certain things will happen to us.

First of all *God and Christ will become real*. God is not real to many people, not because God could not be known by them but because they have not obeyed what we call "the law of attention." The "law of attention" can be stated as follows: that to which we give our attention becomes real to us; nothing else

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does. Give your attention to test tubes and biological processes and they become a great reality for you. Give your attention to athletics and that becomes a great reality, and your skill depends on your concentrated attention in it. Give your attention to friends and they become real. Give increasing attention to one person, a young man or young woman, and that person becomes the great reality for you. Sometimes such a great reality that when you get to exam time you discover you know more about them than the things you'd like to write down! Whatever you give your attention to becomes real and nothing else does.

Boston, Massachusetts, is a queer city with curved streets and once in a while roaring traffic on one side of the sidewalk and a cemetery on the other. There goes an old story that a scientist was walking down there with a friend and said to his friend, "Do you hear a certain cricket," calling it by name, "chirping over there by that monument?" And his friend said, "How in Heaven's name can you hear a cricket and identify its chirp in the midst of this terrific traffic roar?" "Well," he said, "that's simple. I'll show you." He took out a silver dollar, I suppose from Montana, threw it up in the air and it came down to the sidewalk with that wonderful metallic clink that we all recognize, and twenty people heard it and looked and moved toward it, and the scientist said, "You see, you hear what you train yourself to hear." If you're not hearing messages from God, beloved, it's not because God has not been speaking. You've not been listening. You've not been training yourself to hear. God will become real in the only way anything can become real: by our giving concentrated daily attention upon Jesus Christ, his Son, and our Saviour and Friend.

A second thing will happen to us. One of the great problems in every life, in the late teens particularly, is *to get one's life together*. Like all Gaul, we tend to be divided into three or more parts. We cannot count upon ourselves. We do one thing today that pleases us and gives us self-respect and another thing—just the exact opposite—tomorrow. We do not have any confidence

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in ourselves. We cannot take a goal and move toward it without being blown off the course by temptations and by invitations. We find it very difficult to keep our mind and to keep our spirit. We change with circumstances and with environments, and we're weak because of it. Our lives are disjointed and sprawled out, and we need to be drawn together. Now, as one concentrates his gaze upon Jesus of Nazareth each morning, there comes into him the cumulative power of self-control. He carries on a little farther each day as he launches himself out into life with the power and spirit and the method and the message of Jesus Christ, our Lord, until the time comes that at last he can hold himself steady. He is dependable, he is trustworthy, he has self-confidence, and he finds at last, in Christ, a Mississippi River which gathers the waters of the whole continent of his life, from the Rockies on the one side to the Appalachians on the other, and pours it out into one mighty worth-while stream down into the Gulf of Mexico. God becomes real and our life becomes unified.

Still a third thing happens: *we get power we didn't know we had before*. We've been having a civil war within ourselves, and now we have power to flow smoothly; we have power to concentrate, power to tear the heart out of a book, power to stand on our own, power to give leadership, a power of insight, a power of courage that we didn't have before. That is, Jesus of Nazareth is saying to us today, "If you will learn to worship, to fix your eyes upon me until you not only know about me, my job, my indignation, my magnanimity, my courage, my fearlessness, my standard of values, but until you know *me*, until I have become your companion, being real I will transform you." And the first of the great tasks of the Church is to transform persons through worship and commitment. If the Church ever forgets that or ever does anything else primarily before that, the Church then can be prevailed against by the gates of hell. Persons are transformed by worship and commitment.

But something more. An excited, delighted lady was telling

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her friends with great vigor about how wonderful it had been that she had had Red Cross training because of the opportunity she had recently had to use it. She said, "Oh, it was wonderful, to have had the training, to have used it when I needed it most. . . . I was crossing Fifth Avenue at 57th Street when I heard the screech of brakes, a soft thud, and I looked behind me and there was a poor man struck by a car. He had a compound fracture of the right leg, he was bleeding profusely, and it looked as if his head had received terrible bruises." Then she said, "And then all my Red Cross training came back to me and I—I stooped over and put my head between my knees and kept from fainting!" We cannot put our heads between our knees to keep from fainting or from seeing the struggles and the difficulties of the world, for we have another task. We have to transform the world, for our marching orders are, "Ye are the salt of the earth, ye are the light of the world, the kingdom of Heaven is like leaven." What does that involve?

Well, it involves, first of all, our own society here—the United States of America. It means making right relations between the races here, and between majorities and minorities. It means that no person must, because of his color or his background or his race, be kept from having a decent opportunity to earn the full wages that his character and capacity would entitle him to, to provide for himself and his children all the educational opportunities that he can well use, to protect his health and that of his family, and to express himself at the ballots, thus having some control over his destiny. It means, in addition, a sober and righteous nation. It means the coming aware of great sections of this country to the fact that we have been bamboozled into the notion that you can have the social cocktail and the single drink without the liquor traffic. And you cannot! We have been in the process of being advertised into the point of view that the liquor making and the beer making are respectable and they are not. It never has been and it never will be! It means we have to see to it that in the United States of America we do not have a grow-

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ing militarism and imperialism. We have to meet the social situation in our country.

We have to meet the need of the world round about us. And it is staggering as you have had so ably presented to you this morning. Those who have come back from what they call "the charnel house of Europe" and who have seen there the millions of displaced persons, in camps, away from their homes, orphans, the homeless, the maimed, the bruised, the raped, the fear-crazed, and the hate-crazed, those who realize that three-fifths of the world, at this very minute, are in misery and poverty and disease and sunk in debt far worse than anything that we know anywhere in any slum in the United States of America, know that we have here in this great, vast need of the world, a field white unto harvest—unto the harvest of death and of war if we do not care, if we bow our heads and hide our heads in our knees because we are safe and secure and complacent—a field of harvest unto world-wide friendship and brotherhood if we reach out and meet this need of the world.

What shall the Church be then in this world-transforming process? It must be, first of all, spiritually aggressive, the conscience of the world. We tend to accept the status quo which, as someone has said, is "Latin for the mess we're in," for what it is. That is the assumption, the political, educational, or religious, the industrial assumption in which we are born. If we'd been born back in the medieval days we would have tended to accept, for example, the relationship between the lord and the vassal. Being born in the days before the war between the States in the South, we would have taken for granted the relationship between the slave and the owner, and we would have worked out our lives within that framework. If we'd been born in Russia a few years ago, we would probably be taking for granted the assumptions that are made in that communistic regime. Born here in the United States of America, we take for granted private property and the other assumptions in which we're born—and that's good, on the whole. But we have to re-

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member that the assumptions upon which we in the Western world and the United States of America have been living have led us into two wars in one generation! I participated in the first, my son in the second. We cannot stand a third. We have to find some way and, therefore, we have got to take every one of the cherished assumptions that we grew up with and that we have tended to take for granted and not ask others, "Has it been here a long time?" "Does it have the cloak of sanctity of the Church?" "Does it buttress my privileges or my ego?" We have got to put all those things aside and ask just a few questions such as this: Do these principles protect the dignity of the individual? Do these measure up to the ethical teachings of Jesus? Do these principles give justice of opportunity and health and decent living to all mankind? Because, if they don't, then they have to be changed. And the Church has to help change them and take leadership in changing. The Church has always had to be a little bit out of gear with the society in which it was always leaven, always stirring things up. Amos thundered out that God didn't like their worship because there was social injustice in the city.

Whenever you find a church working in complacent cahoots with the society in which it is found, one of two things has happened—either the Kingdom of God has come—or the Church has lost its vision. The Church must be leaven, it must be changing things, it must always be on the side of the underdog and the underprivileged and the person who is in need! The strong will always be taking care of themselves adequately.

The second thing we must do, in addition to being spiritually aggressive, is to be organizationally creative. Now, we've done a pretty good job at that in the Church. If you'll look back and study the needs of the country, you'll remember that education was one of the colonial needs. Eight out of the nine colleges started in this country before the Revolutionary War were started by religious people and under religious auspices! One hundred and fifty of the 180 colleges and universities started in

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this country before the 1860's were started by religious people. The first peace society was begun in 1813 by religious people. The first anti-slavery society was started by the Quakers in 1775. Social service and social science were begun by the Presbyterian Church in 1717. The Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, and every other character-building organization that you can name, all have been born of the Church. That's good. But that's not enough. We'll not live on our yesterdays. We must now go on with new organizations, and one of them the Church created about a hundred years ago—we call it the Missionary Movement. Wasn't it wonderful yesterday morning when these young people from the nations all around the world stood here and we saw graphically portrayed that these were Christians? I have had this even more graphically portrayed for me in the meeting at Buck Hill Falls of the Board of Missions when, instead of Dr. Diffendorfer's speaking about the needs of the world, he had representatives—first one from South America, then one from Africa, then one from India, then one from China, another from Korea, another from the islands of the sea, and as they spoke, some voice said in me, "You're participating in a miracle! Here are these people of different and contrasting colors, costume, clothing, cultural background, intellectual capacity, and geographical situation. You've never seen any of them before, and yet you feel, as they speak to you, closer to them, and that you have more in common with them, now than you have with many of the people that live right on the street next to you in Minneapolis." And suddenly there came to me the realization that here, in this fellowship, this capacity of Christ to beget in people understanding—here is the power that can bring the world together. Here is the power that can make man one. He is the person who can make a riven world one world.

Can it be done? Well, it can't be done by us alone and it won't be done by God alone. When they were building a great bridge over the Hudson River, they found where they wanted to put

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one of the great piles, one of the great pillars, a sunken mud-scow. They couldn't blast it out. They couldn't draw it out. They couldn't get it out any way. Finally one of the young engineers said he thought he could remove it. The rest of them laughed at him. The chief engineer said, "Give him a chance. You've failed." And so he did this: he sent down divers and dug six or six holes underneath the mudscow all along its length. Then he put chains through these holes underneath the mud-scow and waited for low tide. At low tide he chained, at the water's edge, great pontoons—ten of them, five on either side. Then he just waited, and when God Almighty put his tremendous shoulder in the incoming tide underneath that load, what God would not have done alone, what man could not do alone, was done. Will it be done? That depends upon whether enough of you hear the call of God to enlist in leadership in his cause. How are you going to recognize the call? Answer three questions. First of all, who am I going to work for? For myself, for money, for prestige, or for the world? If you're going to work for yourself, you've answered the question—you're not going to accept God's call for leadership in his church, I don't care how religious you may think you are. But if you say, and I think most of you will say in your heart of hearts, "These are times when no man has a right to live for himself. He must live for the world."

Then you ask yourself the second question: "Where's the world's need greatest? Where are the laborers the thinnest? Where is the struggle the hottest? Where are the laborers the fewest? Where is the battle the fiercest?" Then you answer it yourself. You look around your own little town; the dentists are doing a pretty good job, although when they put "PAINLESS" on their signs, they lie. The doctors are doing a pretty good job, though occasionally the ministers "cover up" a few of their mistakes! The ministers are doing a good job. In proportion to the need of the world today, and I say it humbly, and with a torn heart, we need better, stronger ministers. There are four areas, I think, where the world's need is today. One is in teachers.

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One is in public service. One is in journalism and radio. And the other is in the Christian ministry. There, I believe, is where the crisis is to be found. If we do not win the battle there, I do not think it will be won.

If you've answered this, that one of these is the crisis place, then the third question is: "Do I have any talents that make me available for that kind of service?" For where the need of the world and your talents meet, that is where you are called of God to go.

We men of earth have here the stuff of paradise.
We need no other things to build
The stairway unto the unfulfilled.
No other marble for the floor;
No other ivory for the door;
No other cedar for the beams
And dome of man's immortal dreams.
Here on the common human way;
Here on the path of everyday
Is all the stuff that God would take
To mould and make
New Edens.
Ours is the task sublime
To build eternity in time.

Salt, light, and leaven produce transformed persons, who can transform the world.

Methodist Youth and the Crusade for Christ

J. Ralph Magee

IF YOU had to write an essay on the four essential needs of our day and had time to think seriously, what would you say? I hope you would start with the need of God as central in man's life. I hope your next thought would be the caring for human fellowship around the whole world. I hope then you would think of your own personal responsibility in the face of all this. If you were to progress this far, your next thought would be imperative; that is, "How can I know what to do and where to take over?"

My young friends, these questions are what constituted the Crusade for Christ. The phases of the Crusade were not carried out in exactly that order, but were essentially stated as I have indicated. The first phase of the Crusade began about a year before the last General Conference. Methodist bishops went across this country in a crusade for a new world order. Certainly not one of you would doubt the need of such a transition. By this sweeping movement on the part of our bishops, the country was certainly made aware that the Church stood for better things. We did succeed in securing a registering of public sentiment which made our politicians and civic leaders know where the public stands.

The General Conference of 1944 then proceeded to establish the Crusade for Christ. The crusade for a new world order was made an essential part of the Crusade for Christ, and has continued through the quadrennium. A committee of twelve bishops was appointed by the Council of Bishops to carry out this

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emphasis. You are doubtless aware there have been calls to the Church to create public sentiment in favor of the United Nations at the time of its organization in San Francisco. There have also been calls issued to the Church in the interests of the Dumbarton Oaks agreement, the Breton Woods financial agreement, and several other world needs. This emphasis of a new world order is definitely in the field of caring for human fellowship around the world.

America and the Christian Church cannot be indifferent to the problems created by the human fellowships involved in business and international relations. There are those who believe that this field is one of dangerous theories. On the opposite side we would have to believe that those who object to a highly improved human fellowship are themselves dangerous obstructionists. Human beings were made for fellowship without regard to race or color. Someday this must be completely recognized and made a part of our common practice. It is our task as Christians to practice such fellowship and thereby help to extend it to all mankind.

The first year of the Crusade for Christ was to carry out this idea of fellowship by the raising of \$25,000,000 for relief and reconstruction. The Church responded with such enthusiasm that we have today in the treasury almost \$27,000,000. This was a demonstration of the spirit of human fellowship and good will. It was the giving by those who have to those who have not. It was also more than that. It was an expression of sympathy and genuine heartache for those who had been rudely thrust adrift without homes and often with families completely separated. It was to be a help to those who had lost their business or their forms of income and were left stranded without adequate supplies of any kind. The Church has sent several million dollars to help provide the bare necessities of living. Other money has been sent to help reconstruct churches and parsonages so that ministers could again draw their people together and minister to them. There will be schools rebuilt and hospitals re-estab-

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lished to minister in these ways to a distressed people. Many of you gave money to this cause. Because of this general appeal, movements were set up in your Methodist Youth Fellowship to secure funds to aid the youth of other lands. If you are not aware just how much you have done, when you go home secure the information and see that your church knows about it.

This sort of human fellowship is going to be needed for years to come. When you have grown to adult life and are out in your own homes, you will still be called upon to help these people in other lands to get a chance at Christian living. Many of these families will never find each other again, even if they are all alive. There are children half starved who will grow up with hatred for almost everybody because of what they had to suffer. You and I can help soften their feelings if we show enough of human fellowship to help them out now. The \$27,000,000 is only a small fraction of what Methodists and others have done through clothes and food sent through other agencies. Remember that our Methodist Overseas Relief has sent millions of dollars besides the Crusade fund. Overseas relief will need to be continued for several years in some form. The world service giving of our church must at least double its present size even to begin to meet our responsibilities. You young people are in a position to be of great service back home in selling world service to the church.

Fellowship of any kind is dependent upon a day-by-day understanding or it will go upon the rocks. This is true of your youthful fellowships and it is just as true when you try to make a home.

There must be some very definite principles that are mutually agreed upon as a foundation. As long as such principles are adhered to, there may be real fellowship. It is at this point that our international diplomacy is now breaking down. We have no agreed principles upon which we can work. People with widely separated ideologies find it difficult to agree on such a working basis. This is not only true between nations, but is also true right here in our own American life. The Christian and the secularist

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are as wide apart in any sound principles as are Communism and Democracy. What shall we do then? The communist is taught and believes that Communism is absolutely right. He is willing to pay the price for his conviction. The secularist is engulfed in a selfish grab. If the Christian is only half-hearted in his convictions, who do you suppose will win? The dynamic, self-confident person, who is wrong, has a great advantage over the half-hearted, easygoing person, who is mostly right. We as a church believed the time had come to become aggressive in our advocacy of Christ's way of life. We put in a year attempting to arouse the church to become 100 per cent sold on this Christian way. We called it Evangelism. The church responded fairly well. Many of our people were organized and went out to call upon non-Christians to urge them to become Christian and join the church. We received more than a million people into this membership. Nearly one-half of these had never before professed themselves as Christians. The others had once been church people, but had let their relationship to the church carelessly slip away. Our net gain was more than a half million members. That was fine, but if these have no more conviction about what being a Christian really is than some who are already in the church, then it does not mean too much. We have eight and one-half million members of The Methodist Church. If these were enough persuaded that the Christ way of life was worth practicing in daily affairs, we could change the entire world picture. You young people can make the future very different, if you will determine to practice the teachings of Jesus even at a very great sacrifice. If you yield to the temptation to get for yourself and forget the Christ principles, then Communism will win the world as sure as you are here. As I said a moment ago, they are willing to pay the price for what they believe. They even go to the un-Christian extreme of saying the individual is nothing and the state is all. Jesus said, "Love your neighbor as yourself." This places the real value on the individual person. What a tremendous task we have to believe that with real conviction!

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The Christian must have agreed terms upon which he will serve his God. The search for that basis must be a constant growth. This is true because we are constantly growing. The Year of Stewardship in the Crusade was a study of those principles upon which the individual should serve God. We gave this year of study to help the church see how far-reaching into our individual affairs and our human relationships is our recognition of God as our Lord. During this year we have found from our reports over the church that there are more people who know more things about stewardship than ever before. The success of your Christian life depends on your determination of what constitutes your stewardship as a Christian.

We are now in the period of a special emphasis upon the need of studying not only the Bible but the spirit and teachings of Christ and how these must be fitted into a changing world. We call it "Church School Enrollment and Attendance." This is rather a cold and abstract title. If we have learned or can learn the art of meeting together in groups to discuss the teachings of the Scripture and their relationship to life, it will greatly help in making a Christian world.

Now, my young friends, may I say that while this has been a four-year program of a special emphasis, every one of these emphases will be as essential each succeeding year for the rest of your life as they are today. Your part in this future world is to see that you never let these Christian emphases slip or miss their mark.

Our Riches in Negro Youth*

Robert N. Brooks

AS AN EMPIRE may grow up within an empire without observation, so a people has grown up in the midst of a people without being understood or properly appreciated. Here they are—our Negro youth—clothed not in the poetic mantle of Dunbar but in the more becoming dress of the new Negro as expressed by Langston Hughes.

Their fathers spoke thus:

“I am a Negro,
Black as the night is black,
Black like the depths of my Africa.
I’ve been a slave;
Caesar told me to keep his doorsteps clean,
I brushed the boots of Washington.
I’ve been a worker;
Under my hands the pyramids arose.
I made mortar for the Woolworth building.
I’ve been a singer;
All my way from Africa to Georgia
I carried my sorrow songs.
I made ragtime.
I’ve been a victim;
The Belgians cut off my hands in the Congo;
They still lynch me in America;
For I am a Negro,
Black as the night is black,
Black as the depths of my Africa.”

* This address was delivered in The Council of Bishops' Hour.

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Their children speak thus:

"Out of the mist I think I see a new America—a land of ideals. I hear the music of my fathers blended with the 'Stars and Stripes Forever.' I am the crown of thorns tyranny must bear a thousand years—for I am the new Negro."

What riches inhere in these young people? I want to point out four things which seem to me to be indicative of their opulence.

Their untrammelled and ever-increasing *faith in the ultimate triumph of justice*. Henley in his *Invictus* must have had Negroes in mind when he wrote, "I thank whatever gods may be, for my unconquerable soul." Undaunted through storm and strife, they still have faith—faith that the heart of the universe is good, faith in themselves.

"How near is grandeur to our dust?
How nigh is God to man?
When duty whispers, 'lo thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.' "

They have faith in The Methodist Church which makes this fellowship possible—faith that Methodism in America will bring her practices in line with her preachments, and so extend, enlarge, and make more frequent, if indeed not continuous, these enriching and ennobling contacts which alone can make for a fellowship worthy of the name Christian. These young people are rich in faith!

They are rich in their *dedication to the best they know*. Youth is the time of life when habits and hopes and faiths are built; not an hour but trembles with destinies; not a moment once passed in which the appointed work can be done again, or the neglected blow struck on the cold iron. The fairest flower in the garden of creation is a young mind, offering and unfolding itself to the influences of wisdom as the heliotrope turns its lovely blossoms to the sun. No age group in the church has so stimulated my faith and deepened my consecration as the youth. God bless them!

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These youth are *rich in opportunities*. How vast and how varied are the ever-increasing opportunities which this Methodist Church holds out to its youth! Chiefest, I think, among these is the opportunity to make Christ known in all the lands of the earth.

I can never forget how the people of Africa besought me to stay with them; to carry the light to that continent. When I explained that I had celebrated too many birthdays they importunately urged me, with tears in their eyes and in their voices, to send missionaries to help them find the larger life, the better way. And, out of my confidence in you, I promised that I would.

They are *rich in possibilities*. Daniel Webster discovered for the state that which we must discover for the church. He stated it succinctly thus: "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust. But if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellowmen, we etch, engrave, and indelibly inscribe upon those tablets that which will grow more effulgent, beautiful and inspiring as time wears on into eternity."

I have put this subject under the microscope of my mind; I have looked at it through the telescope of my best judgment in an effort to discover unique riches in Negro youth, riches which do not inhere in other American youth. I came back from my search feeling very much like the blind man who groped in a dark room for a black hat which was never there.

These riches are not unique in Negro youth. They are equally inherent in the youth of all races without any distinction whatsoever of race or color. The riches of all youth lie in the direction of the spilling over of privileges, the sharing of opportunities, the demolition of the partition walls which separate us, and the building up of a climate of opinion which will help us to be what we profess—Methodists and Christians.

Is this too much to expect? Not if we put Christ above all!

Adults Are Teaching *

M. Leo Rippy

HONOR to whom honor is due" is more than just a trite saying when I make that statement to you this afternoon. It's more than that because no one ever thought about honoring you by inviting you to come to this convention. It was a natural thing for your executive secretaries to do. I think that's the reason why your presence here is really the bestowing of honor upon you and upon your people. You were selected because of your deep interest in and concern for youth, and because of the confidence that youth have in you.

But it's more than just an honor—it is a responsibility. It's a responsibility that has its roots in your past, present, and future. You cannot meet it by talking. You can meet it in one way and only one way. How? By the lives you live. It is the only way you can bring meaning into this honor that has been bestowed upon you. After all, one of the greatest privileges that can come to anyone is to spend a lifetime trying to live up to what others expect of him. This calls for an understanding of values that others attribute to you. It demands vision and insight into your own life as well as the lives of others.

What a wonderful thing it is to live! I very much fear sometimes we miss the challenge in living because we just take it for granted that we're going to live. Well, I'm not going to take it for granted but I am determined to live! The biggest sin we can commit against ourselves, our family, our country, our church, and against our God is to exist in a day like this. My heart goes

* This address was delivered before the afternoon groups of adult workers with youth.

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out to those people who are just existing. You see them in the morning and say, "How are you getting along?" "Oh, very well." Well, who wants to get along very well? There's an implication of defeat in those words. Or they may say, "Oh, very well, just as usual." I'm not getting along just as usual. I didn't get along yesterday as usual; and if I know anything about it, I'm not going to get along tomorrow as usual. I don't like this "usual" stuff. Tomorrow is a new day. I don't know what's going to come tomorrow, but it's a day in which I have never lived, and when it comes time to get up in the morning, I'm going to get up. I don't know why people want to take so long in getting up. There's a day coming; things are going to happen; let me at them! And if something doesn't happen anyway, I'll make it happen. I'm not going just to sit down and let the day pass; and when the day is over say, "Just another usual day." Well, it isn't going to be another usual day, I'll guarantee that! And when can we say we live? Just to the degree that we are able to achieve the abundant life in Christ Jesus and share it with others, are we really living. Our lives should be so rich and full of real meaning that when youth come in contact with us, they will be challenged to be Christians. We owe them that much and we dare not pay less.

As I made preparation for this meeting, I thought of three magic words. The more I think of them, the more I'm convinced they are words of magic. These are words that will push back one's horizons, transform life, open doors into new fields of opportunity, and bring new meaning and confidence into life. What are these words? **YOU ARE TEACHERS.** I don't know whether you knew that or not. But you are. Well, you say, "I don't teach on Sunday morning." As long as you live you are teaching, Sunday and every day of the week. There's only one way you can keep from teaching and that's to die, and even then you cannot quit. Because that which you were twenty years ago still influences people. And if you live, or exist, you're teaching. The question you face is whether it's good or bad teaching.

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What are people learning from our lives? As youth associates with us from day to day, we interpret life to them. Think of that, we are helping interpret life to them! As they look into our lives, I wonder what they see there. What kind of a concept of God do they get from watching us? What kind of a philosophy of life are we helping them to develop? Are we so much of the earth earthy and our feet so deep in the sticky clay of materialism that we cannot present a spiritual interpretation of life? We ought to be living such lives that when youth look at us they will know the way we have charted for ourselves and see in that way some values that challenge them even though they surpass complete understanding; that will be so attractive they will be willing to surrender their lives that those values might be theirs.

Youth have put us upon a pedestal. And what do they see when they look up to us? That which they long to become. We, so to speak, become their goals. This should make us very humble.

I wonder where we are going; where we are taking youth. Sometimes when I have seen a group of intermediates following me, I have felt like stopping and saying, "Wait a minute. Go back. Don't follow me!" Well, they're following us. There's only one way in which children and youth can go, and that's the way in which their generation of adults is going. There is no other way. And we ought to examine the way we are going. It's not too late even yet to turn from the highway of life that we are traveling. We should have the courage to turn from a way that does not bring to us fullness of living.

If we're going to meet this responsibility for teaching, we must realize that teaching is a great deal more than talking about materials. As important as materials may be, materials do not constitute the curriculum. We may talk from the printed page, but I will tell you what we are saying. We are saying what we have experienced to them. What is the curriculum? It is the experiences of people. Experiences that people have had since the beginning of creation. We find some of them recorded

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in the Bible. We find many others recorded in history, in literature, in art, in music. If the words that you read, music you hear, art you see, all do not come out of dynamic experiences you are dealing with chaff.

How can we interpret experiences to youth? We cannot interpret experiences to youth unless the quality of our own experiences make good interpretations possible. We talk about the conversion of Paul or interpret it. We should have had such an experience of conversion ourselves that when we talk about the conversion of Paul or anybody else, we interpret it because the impact of one personality upon another brings new meaning into the experience. When we sing "In the Cross of Christ I Glory" we do not glory in the Cross of Jesus Christ unless some of that deep concern that Christ had for others becomes our concern. Unless we are willing to give the very last ounce of energy that we have that youth may have the abundant life in Christ Jesus, then we ought not to sing that song.

Let me say again, it is the quality of our experiences that makes it possible for us to interpret the experiences that have been handed down to us through the ages. A spiritual interpretation that makes for abundant living is dependent upon the witness of the spirit of Jesus Christ in our lives.

Are you asking me what I am talking about? Sometimes I talk for two hours and very few people find out. I'll tell you what I've been talking about—teaching. What is teaching? It is the impact of one personality upon another personality. The kind of learning that takes place is in keeping with the personalities of the people. Our personalities ought to be so full of meaning that rich experiences would flow from our lives like the springs that flow from the very foot of the mountain. These rich experiences are not going to flow from our lives unless there is real value in them. What is this value? Beliefs. Unless we have some great fundamental beliefs; unless we believe something so strongly that we live by it we are not going to have those personalities

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that enable us to make a good impact upon youth. Our lives have their roots deep in our beliefs.

What do we believe? This is the most important question anyone can ask you. I don't know what you believe. I know that what we say has but little to do with what we believe. I'm not sure that I know what I believe. I think I believe several things. Yet I do not believe any more than I am willing to reveal by the life I live from day to day. The rest of it is just talk. I served a church not so long ago and I said to them one Sunday morning, "We are not going to repeat the Apostles' Creed any more until we come to a better understanding of the implications in the words that we repeat." Sometimes when the congregation repeats the Lord's Prayer it must sound like a bunch of parrots. "Get me a cracker, give me a cracker!" And we had just as well say that as to repeat the Lord's Prayer unless we are trying to live by it.

If we are to be good teachers—Christian teachers—we believe in a universal God, the Father of all people. If we believe that, it will make a difference in the lives we live. And if it doesn't make a difference, then we don't believe it. It's just a beautiful abstraction. It is a nice thing to do, so we accept it. But are we willing to live by it? Well, we'd better wait a minute, because if we live by that great fundamental belief, then we will recognize all men everywhere as our brothers. I do not see how anyone can believe in the Fatherhood of God unless he is willing to practice the principles of Christian brotherhood. I'm not saying that persons who do not practice the principles of Christian brotherhood as I think they should be practiced are not Christians. Who am I to judge my fellowman? But I am saying that as far as my limited ability enables me to understand the teachings of Jesus Christ I do not see how anyone has the right to declare that there is a group of people anywhere that shall not claim my God as their Father. Who gave me the right to think I am superior to anyone else? I do not think that this is in keeping with the spirit of Jesus Christ.

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We believe in a universal God, in the Fatherhood of God, in the brotherhood of man, and in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world. Out of these beliefs the conviction will develop that the greatest among us is he that is servant of all, and that the abundant life in Christ Jesus is achieved through service. If we have these great fundamental beliefs, I do believe that enriching experiences will flow from our lives.

We are not satisfied with these personalities of ours. We want to improve them. We are caught up in a continuous process of growth and development. I do not know of anything that is more challenging. In fact the greatest challenge of my life is the longing to become the kind of person that I long to be. And so I'm striving to become that person. It is an unattainable goal. As I make any progress in realizing it, the goal is extended. I am becoming and shall ever continue in the process.

What wonderful transformations could and would take place in our lives if we really worked to bring them to pass; if we were willing to be transformed. Sometimes when I'm riding on the train, looking out of the window, I see the mountains and the trees, and I get to thinking about God and the work that I'm trying to do, the service that I'm trying to render. I wonder why I don't do better than I do. And then I know. I don't do better than I do because somehow or other I do not forget myself as completely as I should so that God's power has a chance to channel through my life. I begin to say to myself, What would happen in my life if I gave myself completely to God? As I think of the possibilities I am almost frightened. God could do so much in and through me if I made it possible. If I had the courage to do what I know I should do.

I quit saying a good many years ago, "Well, I'll just do the best I know how." I never do the best I know how and neither do you. Not one of us ever does the best that we know how to do until we do better than we know how to do. I've had that experience a few times. You have had it. When do we do better than we know how to do? When we forget ourselves so com-

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pletely in what we are doing that God's power channels in and through our lives. We can never do that which is really worthy of us when we try to do it alone. We can do better than we know how to do when we work with God.

Could it be that we are trying to bring about transformations in the lives of youth when we are not willing to be transformed? Are we saying, wouldn't it be wonderful if our youth would live upon a plane of high idealism, clean and unspotted from the sins of the world? "Come on, youth, climb up, and live there." And we teach and teach or push and push. Instead of standing at the foothills and telling of a high plane of high idealism, we must climb the steep ascent and say, "Come on, youth, come on." If we want transformations to take place in the lives of youth we must be willing for those same transformations to take place in our lives. As they see our lives transformed they will follow us. Then we are good teachers.

A part of our teaching youth is our willingness to be taught by them. Can we stand to one side and let them lead? Can we provide the encouragement they need? Are we willing to recognize their insight into the mysteries of life? Not so many months ago I tried to explain to a young chap how God expressed himself in and through the natural world. I was sure that I knew more about it than he did. He was just a junior in college—what did he know about such things compared to what I knew? After we had been talking for a little while he began, "Is this what you mean?" Then when I said something else he said, "Is this it?" He began to talk. He led me to a mountain top. He helped me to have a fuller understanding of how God expresses himself in and through the universe. As we sat there he taught me and the teacher became the learner. Yes, it was the impact of one personality upon another personality. We are learning with youth or they are not learning.

We are engaged in the business this afternoon and all of the days of our lives in seeing the lives of youth transformed. I have seen lives transformed. I have seen outcasts of society, but not

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outcasts of God, thanks be to him, made into new creatures in Christ Jesus. I claim this as our business; our mission as teachers.

Not too many years ago it was my privilege to serve as director of religious education in one of our large downtown churches. This church was surrounded by a great mass of people, yet there were very few youth reached by it. Some fine young adults went to work. In a little while the alley rats came. That's what they were called. They came out of basement homes, shacks, back in the corner—the underprivileged group that played in the alley. A big room was secured in a nearby building, and before three months had passed there were over 250 alley rats between twelve and fifteen years of age meeting in it one night each week. Our problem was, what could we teach them? In fact, what could we do with them? Play games? Yes; but something far more significant than that—live with them.

These alley rats, dirty, dressed in ragged clothes, used the vilest language you have ever heard. Not a word was said to them about cursing. No demands were made upon them that they quit it. But they did. They did because of the compulsion of Christian living. Their leaders did not curse; their leaders were fair in play; their leaders stayed in a good humor when they were caught up in the excitement of the game. They tried to be like their leaders. A large number of these boys joined the Sunday school. The leaders had to face their responsibility: "What can we do with this group of alley rats that we have in our Sunday school?" As they planned they decided that beginning with the first Sunday in January they would begin to teach these alley rats what it meant to be a Christian. And so Sunday after Sunday fine young people, men and women, tried to interpret life to them as they had lived it. They talked about what the church meant to them; what they had found in the church that was significant to them. It was not an easy job. Time after time some of those good teachers would come and say, "I can't keep it up. I am not getting anywhere. We had just as well turn them out, anyway." They were encouraged to keep on. They did. All

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this was leading up to the day when we expected to challenge these alley rats to accept Jesus Christ as personal Saviour. I shall never forget that day. After three months of teaching by good men and women, the challenge was presented. I saw fifty-five boys who had been alley rats walk down the aisle of that Sunday school auditorium, give their hand to the minister and say to him that they wanted to join the church on profession of faith. They knew what it meant, because they had been taught.

I shall never forget the last one that came down that Sunday morning. I saw him coming, a little dried-up, "weasley" alley rat. He had been undernourished most of his life. Some six months before this day he was a vile little creature. Here he came, swinging his arms, looking around him as he came down the aisle. He was asked, "Do you want to join the church?" He replied, "Yep, that's what I came down here for." I thought, "My goodness, why did he have to come? He doesn't know what it is all about."

An announcement was made that I would visit in their homes and talk to their parents about joining the church. I did not want to go into their homes! Those dark, damp, smelly basement homes. I went. When Saturday morning came, I discovered that I had visited all of them except one. I came very near not going. I went on a search for that alley. I went up a short flight of steps and rang the doorbell. When the door was opened, I asked, "Is Mrs. Smith in?" The reply was, "No, she is in the basement." To the basement I went. I knocked on the door. It was opened. There she stood. I did not know what to say. I looked at her and she looked at me. Then I said, "This is Mr. Rippy." Then she said, rather quickly, "Won't you come?" I stepped in. I looked around that basement room. Over against the wall there was a two-burner plate. In one corner was a cot; in another a bed; there were curtains across a corner. In the center of the room there were three broken-down chairs and a table. Then she said, "Won't you sit down." I sat down. I said to her, "I have come to talk to you about your son joining the church." She

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said, "Yes, I know. I have been waiting for you ever since Monday morning." She added: "We thought Charles was getting sick. We have known he was going to your church for months. Several weeks ago he began to change. We did not know what was wrong with him. Instead of staying out most of the night, he would be here when we came in. Last Sunday when he came in from Sunday school, he picked up the funny papers and started to read them. When dinner was on the table and we took our places, my husband and I started eating. Charles looked up and said, 'How about having a prayer?' My husband replied, 'What's the matter with you; are you crazy?' He said, 'No, I am not crazy; other boys hear their mothers and fathers pray, and I have never heard either one of you pray. Mom, how about you praying?' I told him that I hadn't prayed since I was a little girl. Charles said, 'It's time somebody around here prayed. I don't know much about it, but I can try.' We bowed our heads and he prayed. He prayed for me and his father. As he prayed something began to happen to us. We began to realize as we had never before what we had become. When he had finished his prayer his father said, 'Charles, I have been an awful sorry daddy. Have you got religion?' Charles said, 'Yes, I guess I have.' His father asked, 'Could you help me get religion?' Charles said, 'I don't know whether I can or not. All I know about it is what they have been telling me at the church.' "

Charles told his mother and father the things he had been taught at the church. Then they prayed again, and Charles led his mother and father to accept Jesus Christ as personal Saviour. His mother said, "Would you let us come to the church basement and you meet us there and take us into the church? You can look at me and tell what kind of people we have been all our lives. We have lived on the street. We are what you call street people. We are not worthy to come into the church, but would you let us come to the basement and take us into the church, so we can join with Charles?" I said, "No, I won't do that. You come up the steps of the church, go into the sanctuary

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and sit with Charles, and when the invitation is given to join the church, you, your husband, and Charles come to the altar with the others. The church was built for people just like you."

On Sunday morning they came. They were the last to come to the altar. They stood off to the left some three or four feet from anybody, because they felt so unworthy. They joined the church that day. In the months that followed I saw their lives transformed. They did become new creatures in Christ Jesus. I know they did; I saw it happen. I saw a man and woman who had lived in the deepest sin transformed and made over. I saw the signs of their sins that were written on their countenances gradually fade away. Before a year had passed that man and woman and boy were fine-looking people. To me they were beautiful.

I say to you this afternoon that it is our privilege to have a part in making it possible for lives to be transformed if the spirit of God can channel in and through our lives and lead boys and girls, youth and adults, to accept Christ as personal Saviour and to live abundantly. This is the desired outcome for which we strive. Because of the possibilities in the lives of the youth of this country, we dare not give less than the very best that we are capable of giving. How much shall we give? Just as much as we are willing to live, and no more.

Honor to whom honor is due. Yes, that is the honor that we would give this day. And to whom? Honor is due to God, our Father, who sent his Son into the world that we might have life and have it more abundantly so that we could share it with others.

Part IV
JESUS CHRIST IS LORD

*Reports from The World Conference
of Christian Youth held in Oslo,
Norway, July 22-31, 1947*

WHO'S WHO

BOOTH, NEWELL S., JR., Boston, Massachusetts: Student, Boston University, Massachusetts.

BRILL, CAROL JEAN, Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Student, Illinois Wesleyan University, Member of Council, National Conference of Methodist Youth.

DESCHNER, ROGER, Austin, Texas: Student, University of Texas.

DIBRELL, HARVEY, Chicago, Illinois: Staff, Chicago Methodist Temple, Chicago, Illinois.

KRAFT, ROBERT, Seattle, Washington: Student, University of Washington, Member of Council, National Conference of Methodist Youth.

LOVETT, MILLER C., Medford, Massachusetts: Minister, Medford Hills Methodist Church.

REECE, SHIRLEY, Huntington Park, California: Student, College of the Pacific, Stockton, California. Member of Council, National Conference of Methodist Youth.

WEBB, NELL, Salisbury, North Carolina: Director of Youth Work, Western North Carolina Conference.

Introduction to Oslo

Roger Deschner

WE LOOK for understanding. Having passed the stone age, the bronze age, an age of wood; having passed the machine age and an age of progress, we come into a new age—an age of fear. A brand new century, where people fear the future, where business men fear each other, where families fear the loss of ration stamps and food, where people are afraid of their governments, where governments are afraid of each other. This fear, this acid, eats at all of us. It comes at us in conversations, in newspapers, over the radio. It is death potion that will reduce us to rottenness if we drink it. This new age can be only a self-destroying age that produces wars which lead to other wars. We must escape from it—but how?

Hope lies in understanding our friends and enemies as our Christ did when he was crucified. In trying truly to understand we are acting as Christians. Our great responsibility of Christianity is to help people and countries to be *willing* to understand, and then *actually* to understand each other and thus break the barriers of fear that stand between them. But if we as Christians are to attempt this, we must eliminate the barriers that stand between Christians and denominations and try to come to a like mind in Christ that together we may promote understanding and dispel the fear that eats at us.

In this hope, fifteen hundred young people met at Amsterdam in August, 1939, at the first World Conference of Christian Youth. From seventy different nations they declared "Christus Victor"—Christ Victorious over the wills, the hates, the fears,

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the hopes of the world. In September, 1939—a month following the end of the conference—World War II started in Europe. The Orient had already been at war. Was the conference then of no consequence? Was it a foolish gesture? Many wondered. Many believed that it was. But the fact remains that “impossible” assignments of relief were carried out by members of the conference during the war, because of connections made there. Even though many of the delegates fought against each other, there remained between them a fellowship that proved useful during the war and following it.

The war was fought. It was like a machine. It broke homes without thinking whose it broke. It killed people without wondering whom it killed. It manufactured more of the fear acid than there was before the war.

We needed more understanding than before. And, in this hope another world conference—the second World Conference of Christian Youth—was held at Oslo, Norway, last July. The need for the conference was great. Every delegate felt that. The use of bacteriological warfare and the atomic bomb hung above us all as the end consequences of prejudice and misunderstanding. Perhaps this meeting would be a chance to create a World Fellowship of Christian Youth which would have the power to help lead people and nations to better understanding and that would destroy the barriers behind which fear hides.

With this earnest prayer and under the motto, “Jesus Christ is Lord!” thirteen hundred young people from seventy-one different nations came together. Now loosen your imaginations. We sit in Cleveland now, it is true, but come with me to Oslo. You are the delegates. It is the twenty-fourth of July, 1947. Indonesia and Holland have just gone to war. Your boat has sailed the length of the Oslo Fjord and has docked slowly in this war-occupied country. Walking past the King’s palace, you enter the University. It has no grounds, being more like a city apartment house section. Within one of these buildings you find a seat in a modernistic auditorium called “Filadelfia Hall.”

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You look around yourself and think it strange and interesting. Over there is the Chinese delegation. They came all the way from China in a privately chartered plane. When the plane got to Copenhagen, it was grounded as unfit to fly without repairs. They called the ship the "St. Paul" which perhaps was a more prophetic naming of the craft than they had foreseen. They came from a land that is beginning to slough off some of its old culture. China, Burma, India, the whole Orient is bubbling with the new and its representatives to Oslo came as announcers of the new culture. Here you see delegates from the continent of Africa—Nigeria, Union of South Africa, Egypt, Algeria. And there behind name placards you find Christians from Australia, Palestine, Turkey, and New Zealand. Over there are the people from Europe; from France, England, Denmark, Germany, Norway, Poland, Czechoslovakia, many of whom have tramped across fields dotted with rusted tanks, have come from cities of shapeless rubble and from a civilization that in some cases has been shaken to its early beginnings. Their hands and materials having failed them, they come with a deep faith in God and a hope based on mankind following the Christ. Bolivians, Argentinians, Canadians and you from the United States now sit together here in this conference. Look around you. Feel the embrace of the whole world within this conference.

You as a delegate have already progressed well in your assigned Bible study and reading. You have been studying, in these books, the forces at work in your society and have hunted for a solution that would make them constructive. As one of twenty-one Methodist delegates you know that you represent two and a half million young Christians not attending the conference. You feel the huge responsibility. You wonder why the theme is "Jesus Christ is Lord." You are in conference with the world, with enemies and friends. You sit expectant and waiting. You wonder. You look about yourself again. You look at yourself, your clothes, your habits, your world. "Is Jesus Christ Lord?" "Is Christ Above All?"

Fellowship at Oslo

Shirley Reece

AS YOU WONDER on despair, hear the words of a woman who knows intimately the sorrow and despair of a conquered people. "Throughout all my meetings in Oslo I think the most important picture that we could make in Oslo was the reality of the unity of all peoples. That in the days of Oslo it has not been just a slogan—'Jesus Christ is Lord'—but a reality. That the black-colored Negroes, and the white Europeans and Americans sat together and gave each other precedence—that Dutch and Germans live together as friends; that by the word of God we recognize the responsibility of one for another. Is that not part of the reality of the Lordship and Kingdom of Jesus Christ? I think very often we German delegates had a special break in customs and therefore we are very, very thankful." Anna Marie, a German, in this letter written after her return to Germany where she had been Y.W.C.A. Secretary has told in these few words of broken English far more eloquently than I could ever tell it the story of fellowship at Oslo.

For Anna Marie and for all of us, brotherhood at Oslo was not just a series of pious phrases or a list of resolutions. It was a living, vital experience of fellowship which bit deeply into our prejudices, our misunderstandings, and our history. It was an experience which tore down the barriers between people—and there were plenty of barriers, for we were a very human group at Oslo with some very human traits. We represented every religious belief from Greek Orthodox to Baptist, every political idea from Swiss democracy to dictatorship, every form of eco-

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nomics from republicanism to communism. Enemies met former enemies and mother country met colony at Oslo. Despite these differences, however, there were great moments of fellowship; moments when together we discovered some great ideal or belief that had shaken and touched us all in the last few years; when just the sheer joy of being together seemed almost too great to bear.

There is the story of a Dutch delegate at Oslo, a young woman who found one night that she was to eat at the same table with the German delegates. All the hatred and bitterness, all the indignities which she had suffered as a result of German occupation, welled up within her. She thought she simply could not sit at the same table with the Germans. And then it came to her. There was something greater than the fact that she was Dutch and these other persons were German. She found the power and turned that night to put Christ above all her hatreds and prejudices. And, as the result of that dinner together, in the next ten days a new discovery in fellowship was wrought.

This type of experience was repeated over and over again as groups between whom serious questions existed came together in the spirit of Christian fellowship. Dutch and Indonesian, French and Czechoslovakian, American and Chinese, German and several of the European delegations, British and Indian—group after group, all searched their own hearts and the heart of the universe for the power to understand and to start the task anew of rebuilding.

In the last paragraph of her letter Anna Marie closed with this, "It is a wonderful thing to know that we belong together in the one great church which is the body of Jesus Christ." The church of Jesus Christ is not an inner circle of smug, self-satisfied Pharisees. It is an ever-widening circle of selfless service and faith in each other because we know we are children of the same Father revealed to us by the gentle Prophet of Galilee, the Lord, whom we at Oslo have all promised to proclaim.

Conference Worship

Carol Jean Brill

THE TEN DAYS spent at the World Conference of Christian Youth in Oslo, Norway, were very busy days. We spent many hours learning to know delegates from other countries, trying to overcome the tensions and differences that are to be expected in an international meeting, discussing current issues, studying the Bible, and in doing a host of other things which made each twenty-four hours far too short.

In the excitement, the crowded hours, and ceaseless activity of Oslo, we all were in need of the constant spiritual lift of corporate worship. Indeed we had come together because of our common belief in God as revealed in the life and teaching of Jesus, so that our group communion with God was a natural as well as a lifting experience. The first part of each day's program was a worship service prepared and led by persons from many—different traditions of worship.

Just as the dress, language, and customs of Christians around the world differ, so also do Christians worship God in extraordinarily different ways. We discovered as we worshiped together the fact that there is no one form of worship common to all Christians. Some use much ritual, some little; some have many persons leading the movement of worship, some have none; some worship forms are very complex, and others are very simple. At times as we worshiped at Oslo it was difficult to keep one's thought God-centered because of the "foreign-ness" of the service. Added to that difficulty was the fact that those who led our worship spoke in their native tongues—German, Swedish,

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French, English, or Dutch. In order to bridge these gaps which might have kept us from real communion with God, there was provided a booklet for each of us, similar to the booklets we are using here, which contained the complete order of worship. The booklets were printed in the three languages of the conference—English, French, and German—one of which each delegate could understand.

Despite these difficulties arising out of our differences, as we learned to enter into the services intelligently and spiritually, our worship had deep meaning for us and was the source of many unforgettable experiences.

For example, something most of us shall always remember occurred at our opening session. All of us came in native costume to Filadelfia Hall, the Pentecostal Church in Oslo, and were seated with the rest of the delegates from our country. At the close of this first meeting we were asked to pray the Lord's Prayer together. You know, we said many things in unison during the conference—the Apostles' Creed, various prayers, and Scripture—but nothing had the same rhythm of togetherness, the beauty, and the conviction that the Lord's Prayer had. As I heard this prayer being, not repeated, but *prayed*, in so many languages, a new meaning came into the prayer for me, and I was sure that this prayer which Jesus taught us is one of the greatest parts of our Christian religion. Think the next time you pray, "Our Father . . .," of the countless other people in every part of the world who join you in praying Jesus' ever poignant prayer to a Father who listens to and understands all men.

A morning worship period which was unforgettable to many of us was one prepared by the Japanese delegates. After long anticipation and months of preparation, these eleven Japanese youths were refused permission to leave their country for the conference. All of us felt great concern about this. But, although we could not be together in physical terms, we were together in a real way in spirit. We used the service of worship which Miss Kyoto Takeda had prepared and which was the source of great

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spiritual power. Part of her message in that service read like this:

"The years of suffering were a painful but precious experience for us, the Japanese Christians. Frankly confessing, through the years of the war, we never did stand outside our nation, but we were in it. We are not heroes who fought against the sin of our nation and died gloriously. Our hands are not clean, but bloody with the blood of Japan."

As these words were read, it was not a Japanese Christian confessing the sin of her nation alone, but *all* of us confessing the sins of all our nations. When she prayed, "Give us hope, faith, and courage to arise out of the ruined desert and become thy instrument for the rebuilding of thy new world," all of us prayed for that hope and faith and courage to rebuild.

As well as the experiences I have mentioned, there came other great moments: the act of taking Holy Communion together, being part of the mass religious meeting of over thirty thousand people on St. Olaf's Day, or listening to the magnificent Conference Choir singing "Beautiful Saviour." I suppose that each delegate could add to this list his own most significant worship experiences.

It was as we worshiped with other Christians that we were brought before God in a closer fellowship in the World Church. And many of us, when other aspects of the World Conference have slipped into vagueness, will remember and cherish the moments of group worship when God was most real to us at Oslo.

Discussion at Oslo

Harvey Dibrell

WE FOUND that twelve hundred people sitting down together couldn't very well talk things over together. Not being satisfied just to listen to addresses that were given to us, we decided to break ourselves down into discussion groups and then to talk things over together. Each of the thirty-three discussion groups which were set up was a little Oslo in itself. Here real work was done and fellowship really took fire. For it was here that we really learned how to know our friends by name. Here we applied Christianity to stories we had before only read in *Time* and *Newsweek* magazines and in the newspapers.

My own group of thirty persons was typical. We represented twenty-five countries, fifteen widely different brands of Christianity and many organizations. Direct from the Philippine Islands, a Filipino Y.M.C.A. delegate told of his dream of a real world church with denominations de-emphasized. One of the most dramatic episodes occurred when our Indonesian delegate rose from his seat in our discussion group to shake hands with the Dutch delegate as each asked forgiveness of the other. For they both accepted their responsibility for the violence then brewing in Indonesia. We heard the burning words of our friend from Greece that his people were starving and being used as pawns by the big powers in the current war of ideas. From two French youths we learned of the potency of Communism as a rival to Christianity and how French Christian youth are working to throw off the despair which followed the war.

Christianity now as never before was seen by all in our group

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to be at the firing line as the discussion groups for the conference considered such problems as "The Christian and World Order," "The Christian and the Economic Order," "Man and His Intentions," "The Christian Faces the Problem of the Jew," "The Church in Relation to Family Life," and "The Church in the Local Community."

O. T. Niles said, "The Bible is the record of the emergence of the possibility which lies in God." With the help of a Bible study leader, each group for two hours each day tried to find the message for today in selected Scripture passages. It developed that there were as many techniques for interpretation as there were Bible leaders, and as many moods as there were delegates.

We Americans came away impressed very greatly by the spirit of approach to the Bible for both study and devotional use in youth groups. Bishop Berggrav of Oslo was the prime figure in the Norwegian resistance movement during the Nazi occupation. In his thrilling address he said that often as he lay on a rough cot in prison it seemed that the powers of darkness had won and that we would never again see the light of peace. But when he read his Bible, it alone strengthened him and buoyed up his spirit as frequently the very spirit of Christ came to him in his prison cell. From other concentration camps where Bible and Testaments were smuggled in and passed around, comes testimony that the Scripture gave hope and courage as in their solitude these people in their doubts learned to go back to the Bible.

We Methodist youth are large in number, but not alone by numbers shall you be counted, but also by the quality of our witness. The wonderful and loudest of the messages from Oslo is that a more liberal use of the Bible will give your program depth and will add to your effectiveness as builders of the kingdom of Christ which shall be above all!

The Message of Messages

Newell S. Booth, Jr.

IN THE MIND of Christ you are the individual, but never are you a solo." Bishop Berggrav of Oslo, famous for his work with the Norwegian underground, thus expressed the conviction of the Oslo speakers that we must work together. This is necessary because, as Chu-Wen Li of China said, "The world is hanging by one thread," and as Kirtley Mather, the noted Harvard geologist, told us, "The alternatives now are death and destruction on the one hand, (or) efficient comfortable existence on the other hand, with greater opportunity than ever before for joyous, soul-satisfying life." Madeleine Barot of France reminded us of the moral chaos of a world which denies the slogan under which we meet at Oslo—"Jesus Christ is Lord."

What is the cause of this tragic situation? It is human sin; rebellion against God. To quote Bishop Berggrav again, "There exist but two kinds of things: those that are of God, and those that are of men . . . the things of men are the things of Satan. . . ." Man, according to this way of thinking, is hopelessly sunk in sin. Listen to Alex Johnson, the conference chairman, "I do hope that this conference has given us all at least one clear lesson: we cannot rebuild the world, even as Christians we cannot. At this conference we have been given a *creative disillusionment* about ourselves and our churches, and we have rediscovered with our entire generation the terrible force of sin." The cause of our trouble is the attempt by men to set up themselves, their products, or their ideas, as the final truth of life.

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"This is life's paradox, the spectacle of man mastered by ambition and driven by fear, wielding power, and using it against himself," said Dr. D. T. Niles of Ceylon, Methodism's contribution to the Oslo platform. It is not only evil men like Hitler who cause the tragedy of the world, but it is all of us. As Dr. Niebuhr of Union Seminary said, "It is not . . . conflict between good men and bad men, but . . . conflict between man and God, between all men and God."

Our only hope, according to most of these speakers, is God's salvation, given us by Christ. Man is powerless; all that he can do is give God the chance to work in and through him. As Martin Niemoeller of Germany, famous for his defiance of Hitler and his long imprisonment, said, "Christ is Lord of the future, and we—men and nations—are on our way to meet him. For . . . we Christians have no program of our own . . . the only program needed has been given to us: it is the program of Christ's redeeming love. . . ."

There was a great emphasis on the use of the Bible in preparing ourselves for Christian life. As Dr. Niles said, "The program of this conference is arranged in the belief that on a rediscovery of the Bible depends a rediscovery of our faith."

Most of the speakers, in emphasizing the fact that salvation comes only from God in Christ, followed, generally at least, what may be called the Neo-Orthodox school of theology which is that accepted by most Europeans and many others who were at the conference. Professor Mather, however, gave a "minority report," with more emphasis on man's part in improving the world. Speaking on the relation of religion and science, he stressed the fact that they must work together in developing the good life here on earth. Some thought that his speech was superficial and lacked theological depth, while others, mainly Americans, thought that he was the only speaker who said anything really significant!

I have heard people say that the messages at Oslo were disappointing because of their lack of a ringing challenge to Chris-

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tian action in the world. It is true that they lacked that emphasis, which is wanted by many, but certainly the speakers contributed much to anyone who did not go to Oslo merely to have his prejudices confirmed, but who desired food for thought. Personally I have been chewing on some of these ideas ever since. We all must consider the chaos that was spoken of, our personal responsibility for it, and God's way out of it.

Oslo in Action--Czechoslovakia

Miller C. Lovett

IT IS a relatively easy thing to come together in a great conference of Christian youth and find a unity of spirit, as the youth of Christ seek the solution to the world's great problems. And, often, youth are able to go far beyond the oneness of spirit, and arrive at a common conviction as to what the solution of the difficulties really involves. But it is quite another thing to take the inspiration of a conference out into the everyday world and see that the changes are wrought. It is one thing for us to come here to Cleveland to make the dynamic affirmation that "Christ is Above All," but it is quite another thing for us to carry the inspiration of this hour back into our communities, churches, and homes. But as you will be driven from these halls with the affirmation that "Christ is Above All," so those of us at Oslo were driven from those sacred halls with the overwhelming conviction upon our lips that "Jesus Christ is Lord." If Oslo was to have any meaning to the world, that meaning had to express itself in concrete action; and for me that first action was found in service on a Methodist Youth Caravan working in Czechoslovakia.

We found the Czechoslovakian Methodist youth so much like the youth here at home that, were it not for the relatively small differences in language and customs, we might have thought that we were at home. Not long after arriving at their summer camp we came across the young people after they had dragged the portable organ from the chapel and were playing and singing American popular songs such as "Open the Door, Richard,"

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"Dont Fence Me In," and "Accentuate the Positive." True, they did not all know the meaning of the words that they were singing, but one wonders at times whether American youth understand the words that they sing either! And, as far as tricks to pull on your roommate at institute, they can really teach us a thing or two—for that matter they certainly did.

But down deep inside, we found the immovable conviction that the youth of Czechoslovakia could be won for Christ; and if they were not won for Christ, that they would be won to some other cause. We came from Oslo with the conviction that "Jesus Christ is Lord" and they not only accepted our affirmation, but searched our very souls with questions as to how the world, and especially Czechoslovakia, could be helped to accept and understand this conviction.

Our Youth Caravan of five members spent much time visiting as many of the Methodist Churches as possible and at the same time soaking up the history of the ancient kingdom of Bohemia. But the bulk of our time and effort was spent in getting to know the youth of the Methodist Churches of the country and especially the Conference Youth Fellowship officers. Finally, at the Pastors' Retreat at the Methodist castle called Tynec, we sought to work out a program for the Methodist Youth Fellowship of Czechoslovakia. Almost every word that we spoke at these final sessions was taken down in shorthand—Czechoslovakian shorthand, I guess. We described for them every type of fellowship meeting with which any of us had ever had any contact; we described in detail every summer institute that we knew anything about; we discussed program emphases and sought to discover how the youth of Czechoslovakia might best be won to Christ and his way.

Eventually, we arrived at a three-point program that was practical and yet required far more than the youth had ever given before to their fellowship work. First, we made plans for fellowship teams that would visit as many of the local groups as possible and help them with the details of their program. In addi-

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tion, these teams are to do visitation evangelism in the communities visited and actually go out to find youth who should be members of the local groups. Secondly, we sought to set up an emphasis for each one of their four commissions so that they might have definite objectives in mind for their local programs. And thirdly, we made definite plans for a summer institute of the type that we have in America. Our visit impressed the American Caravan with the fact that they have two of the finest pieces of property for this purpose that we have ever seen—one a beautiful summer camp site and the other a million-dollar castle, with a ghost included at no extra cost.

We encouraged them to build an ideal program that would accomplish the desired end. Then we counted the cost with them afterward and promised that we would do all possible to help them meet the cost if they were not able to do so themselves. And now dotted all over the United States are Youth Fellowships that are sharing in carrying this program forward. We also promised to do what we could to see that other caravans were sent next year and in the years to come that the world might truly be won to Christ.

I don't know the political views of my Czech friends; and I know that at Oslo were found all shades of beliefs concerning forms of governments and social orders. But this I am sure of, that around the world are people—young and old—who claim the same Christ as do I. As Oslo was a melting pot, so is the world. As my beliefs are different from yours, so differing views prevail in the world. But yet one Christ lives and one Christ speaks to us all, not as a possible object of loyalty, but as the true Lord that is above all. Yes, from Oslo we went with the affirmation that "Jesus Christ is Lord" and found a world eager to receive the message. And from Cleveland you must go to a world eager for a power that will save.

Oslo in Action--Poland

Nell Webb

IT WAS five months ago today when five of us stepped off the train that had brought us from the high and holy moments of Oslo to Warsaw, Poland. It was an unforgettable moment. Bishop Garber had warned us to be prepared for what we were to see in Poland and we thought we were prepared. We had seen newsreels, we had heard stories of the war. But I don't think we ever could be prepared for the sight that met our eyes that early morning when we arrived in Warsaw. Remember, this was two years past the end of the war, yet that morning the only thing we could see for miles was rubble and ruin and destruction.

My first question is perhaps the question in your mind right now: "Tell me, why haven't they done something about all this? After all, they've had two years." And a Methodist minister beside me said, "I'll tell you why—because in all of Poland there is not one excavation machine. And every piece of rubble you see must be picked up by hand and carried away." The estimate is that it will take fifty years just to clean the rubble from Warsaw alone!

"Well, where do the people live?" was my second question, and he said, "Come on; I'll show you." He took us to another place where a small boy was living. (He came later to our camp.) That boy often waked up screaming in the night because he was one of the boys who had seen every single member of his family shot down. We went to some "dugouts." I would like to tell you about one particularly. It impressed me because the

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woman was young. But she didn't look young any longer. As we walked across the rubble and ruin to her dugout, the minister said, "She and her young husband were in a slave labor camp in Germany. He was killed before her very eyes. She escaped and came back into Poland with her small daughter, aged two and a half." They are living in the dugout. The ground was the floor of the room. There was no window, no lights, or water, and as we walked in we discovered the woman works every day except Sunday from seven in the morning until eight-thirty at night, just to get enough bread for her and the little girl to eat. The little girl, because the woman has no one with whom to leave her, is locked in that room every day from seven o'clock in the morning until eight-thirty at night. She was a very cute little girl, but quite thin. They had trained her when somebody knocks at the door to say (in Polish of course), "I'm sorry, my mother isn't in; she's at work." She sounded like a record player. We kept knocking at the door, and she kept saying, "I'm sorry, my mother isn't in; she's at work." But all of a sudden we began to realize the lack of hope that little girl has in the years ahead, and the lack of hope her mother has.

Our first service of worship was an interesting one. We had a strange prelude to that service of worship. They took us that morning to the Ghetto. Four hundred thousand Jews had lived in the best residential section of Warsaw. They had been killed to a man—four hundred thousand of them! And that day, as we looked over the rubble and ruins, the only thing standing was the prison in which many of them had died. As we walked in we saw even yet human bones lying on the floor; and the smell of that building is something I know we will never forget. A strange prelude to a service of worship! We went back, not to a church, because there were no churches, but to a small chapel in a partially bombed building. It was on that morning we saw many people standing outside waiting to get in; and as we saw 106 persons join The Methodist Church in that chapel,

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we began to feel, with Bishop Garber and others, truly Methodism and Christianity are ripe in Poland today.

We did many other things. We worked in youth camps. I remember one of them particularly. As we worked in the camps, they asked us to help in programs. Once every day the young people of Poland asked questions of us, such as these: "Tell us, what do the Methodist young people believe in? . . . What do they stand for? . . . What do they *do* back in America?" And we began to ask ourselves those questions, and to ask the questions of you. As we visited these people, we realized we had never seen such gratitude in our lives. I remember walking into the Methodist mission building, and there I saw some of the boxes you had sent. I saw boxes from Maine to Miami. And then we began to see some of the people who were using some of the things you had sent. I was seated across the table one day from a girl who was wearing a very pretty dress. And I remarked, "Gee, that's a pretty dress you have on." She said, through the interpreter, "Thank you. It came from North Carolina." Since that happened to be my state, I said, "Where?" And she said, "Hee Pint," which I discovered was High Point, North Carolina. I also saw another girl who was wearing a dress from Topeka, Kansas. And I saw a man who pulled back the lapel of his coat, and it said, "Dallas, Texas." Throughout it all we were able to feel a wonderful sense of gratitude. One afternoon, after we'd been in the camp for many days, and hadn't had a bath as yet (even though we hoped for rain every day, it didn't rain), we went down to the river. And the two American girls in our group got in the kayak with two Polish girls. There were some boys standing on the side. They did not know we were Americans—they hadn't been in our camps. They tried to turn the kayak over, tried to throw water in it, and, when they couldn't, the Polish girls were trying to get them to stop, one of them said, "Stop! You'll throw water on the Americans!" And the boys said, "Americans?" They stepped back, saluted, and said, "Sail on, America!"

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It was a very wonderful experience. And in our closing session, as we joined hands with those Polish young people, they sang to us "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." And they said, "Take back to America our greetings. Tell the people how grateful we are for the things they've done." And I began to see then, as they said, "Ask them to join hands with us." I ask you this morning to join hands with the Polish Christians—yes, by sending food and clothing—yes, by contributing to the Methodist Youth Fund—yes, by writing letters—yes, by praying—but more than that—by translating into your life and actions the fervent belief that "CHRIST IS ABOVE ALL." God grant that we may do it!

The Challenge of Oslo

Robert Kraft

CERTAINLY in this world of disorder, it is important that Christ's Lordship should be proclaimed to every man. One of the greatest witnessing experiences for us at the Oslo Conference was the St. Olaf's Day parade and rally. I wonder if you can imagine thirteen hundred young people dressed in the costumes of their many countries marching and singing through the streets of Oslo and carrying banners in many languages bearing the message, "Jesus Christ is Lord." I wonder if you can imagine the rally following in a large stadium where thirty thousand Norwegians stood for over two hours to hear the messages of our leaders. It was certainly a wonderful witnessing for Christ.

How wonderful it would be if we could only proclaim this Lordship of Christ as freely in our own lives as was done so boldly at Oslo! But this is not as easily done on a personal basis, and it takes more courage perhaps. And yet we must do it! If Jesus Christ is the Lord of our world, shouldn't we all know him? And since so many of us yet deny him in our own lives, and so many yet do not know of him, certainly our responsibility is much greater than we normally think of it. We are Christ's only representatives in this world. Christ has no hands but our hands to do his work. We each share in great personal responsibilities. It is not a responsibility of this church or that church but of you and me. Our lives are symbols of Christ's way, but do our lives really portray Christ's way? If we do not proclaim him as the Saviour of the world, no one else will.

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In a world where hatred is yet so prevalent, prejudice still so dominant, in a world where suffering still shadows the lives of millions, where hunger still takes its toll of lives; in a world where the value of men's lives is often lost in the over-emphasis of national feeling; in a world where skin color, culture, or country often labels a man in vicious discrimination—in such a world do we not have a greater responsibility to our brothers and to our Master? This is particularly true of young Christians who realize these needs and know that the answer can be found only in Christ. Hatred can be replaced only by love; welfare breeds only more hatred; hence, this Gospel of Christ, a gospel of love, is needed more now than ever before. This Gospel of Christ, the proclamation of his Lordship, must be preached throughout this world. Never has the world needed Christ more than it does today. The responsibility comes right back to us, for we are his only ambassadors. We must make ourselves heard as one strong voice—united in Christ.

And yet this is not only a grave responsibility, a great obligation, but a wonderful opportunity as well. Our challenge is before us! The peoples of the world are not only hungry for food but for something that can fill their empty lives as well—the Gospel of Christ. It is impossible, though, to preach this message of Christ, a message of sacrificial love, without living in that very sense ourselves. We cannot influence others by our words only; we must live the part as Christians. Remember, *you are the best Christian that someone knows*—this person knows Christ only by your actions.

Hence Christ is calling us to take our stand, to surrender our lives to him in complete humility, and to preach his gospel in words and actions to a suffering and needy world. He needs every one of us to witness for him no matter how strong the opposition. This must be done at work, at play and in every phase of our daily lives. We must act now! Jesus Christ *is* above all; he *is* Lord over our world, Lord *over* our lives—but is he Lord *in our lives*?

Part V
PERSONAL COMMITMENT
AND DEDICATION

WHO'S WHO

JONES, E. STANLEY, New York, New York: Author, lecturer, Methodist missionary to India.

KERN, PAUL B., Nashville, Tennessee: Resident Bishop, Nashville Area of The Methodist Church. President, Council of Bishops, The Methodist Church.

The Dramatic Symbolism of the Sacrament*

Paul B. Kern

IN A ROOM in the ancient city of Jerusalem, there took place the dramatic symbolism which holds in its heart the redemptive love of God for all mankind. The shadow of the cross lay heavy athwart the path of Jesus. The unrelenting opposition of those whom he had rebuked by his words and by his life, dogged his footsteps as he came into the holy city for the last week of his life upon the earth. The issue was drawn and he would neither argue nor evade. Death stalked his road. He was not afraid. But he was lonely—lonely as all men must be sometimes, the lonely who dare to follow their ideals to their ultimate issue. He felt the need of the companionship of his friends.

And so arrangements were hastily made to partake of the last supper together. He would strengthen his heart in the fellowship of his disciples. He would rest for a few brief hours in the companionship of his dear friends. The world was shut out; love was shut in. As the bread was broken, it became the symbol of his body—that fine, clean body—the temple for all those golden years. That body was soon to be cruelly pierced with nails and a spear until, in utter weariness, he handed it back to God, who gave it. His body was broken upon the cross.

As he took up the cup of wine and held it for a moment in his hand, it became the symbol of his life blood so freely poured out for mankind. All the imagery of the ancient prophets and priests was gathered in that cup of his shed blood. Here was the

* This meditation was presented in the service of Holy Communion on New Year's Eve as a part of the Conference Watch-Night Service.

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new covenant, in which a renewal of humanity, cleansed of its sins, would present itself to God, to bring in the new and the better day. "Do this, in remembrance of me." And never since that night, has any day passed over this weary old world, in which somewhere, somehow, men have not remembered Jesus Christ, and partaken of the emblems of his broken body, and of his shed blood. It is one living, unbroken link with that immemorial past, and an historic verification of his life and death upon the earth. It is time's testimony to a risen and a living Christ.

And here we are tonight, a part of that ever-widening fellowship of believers, sharing, as did his disciples, in the sublime mystery and grace of the sacrament of his love. We do not come to this table because we are worthy; we come because we want to be made worthy, by feeling the touch of his forgiving love upon our sinful hearts. We do not come because we comprehend the height and the depth of his suffering; we come because, in simple and personal humility, we would drink the cup he drank, and walk in the road pressed by his own bleeding feet.

Here we stand, in the presence of the miracle of vicarious sacrifice. The world knows not our secret. It scorns our cross. It ridicules our way of life. The children of this world would win their victories by the cheap and tawdry devices of self-seeking and selfishness. We know of other ways: "Whosoever would save his life—let him lose it." "Take up your cross and follow me." "I am the way, the truth, and the life." It is a joy for all of us to walk with the crowd, to follow the psychology of the crowd, to hear the hollow applause of the crowd in our ears; to reap the reward that the crowd can give. That is the low road.

But to walk with Jesus, to believe in the words that he gave, to have his approbation upon our lives, to find our reward in the fuller and richer life he gives to those who are his own, that is the high road. This is life's fateful decision for all of us. You may make it tonight, and live with it through time, and all eternity.

There is something cosmic and universal about the sacrifice of Jesus. It was the love of a world that brought him to it. It was for

THE DRAMATIC SYMBOLISM OF THE SACRAMENT

a world that he died upon the cross. Above the hills of time, the cross is gleaming. And men's hearts are turning to its light from all the darkened corners of our shadowed and sorrowing world. At this table, all men are one. The love of Christ levels our petty human distinctions. We are children of God and brothers one of another. Here the dignity of human personality, cleansed by redeeming grace, rises to the height of God-likeness. Here we discover our true vocation: to live in the light and the glory of that cross that sheds its radiance o'er all our troubled hearts.

"In the cross of Christ I glory
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers 'round that head sublime."

We partake, as his disciples, of the emblem of his broken heart. It is still broken. The world is not yet redeemed. It awaits his redemptive touch. He only can save us.

There comes out of this war a story that stabs us. A delirious, dying soldier, lying on the battlefield, sees the figure of Christ standing near him, and notices the blood on his hands. He feebly says to Christ, "I see you are bleeding. So you have been wounded too." "No," said Christ, "these are old wounds, but they have been bleeding afresh of late." He is still on the cross!

We pledge ourselves around this altar tonight to fight, to suffer, to yield our very life, if need be, that our world may once again hear his voice, heed his call, and build his kingdom here on the earth. All this is bound up in the holy mystery of this sacrament. To meet this hour victoriously, may mean a new life for you. It may mean a new destiny for your generation. Yea, even for your world. God help us to see it!

Four Life Choices

E. Stanley Jones

I AM GOING to speak to you this morning on four personal life choices, and one collective choice. I am going to take first the collective choice. In a round-table conference this morning at the radio station, a group was trying to interpret the meaning of this Conference to the outside world. Bishop Kern asked me this question: He said, "You have traveled among the youth of the world—what are they saying to American youth? If you could interpret it what would you say they are saying to American youth at this hour?" I told the story of being upon one of the streets in a city in Russia. I looked for somebody to tell me the way to go. I saw a young man who looked like a student and I walked up to him and said, "Are you a student?" He said, "I am an aspirant." If I may say so, I believe that he interpreted the youth of the world. They are aspirants. For what? World domination? I don't believe it. I think they want liberty, the chance to live out their lives, to set up homes, to develop a civilization, and that they want a world in which that can happen.

I think they are saying to the youth of America at this hour, you have the greatest opportunity that has ever been thrust upon any nation on earth. You come to almost sudden power. We look to you to help make a world and give the lead to a world where we won't be flung at each other's throats again. I believe that the youth of the world are saying, "We have no hatred of you. We don't want to fight you. We want a world free of war." I think that's what they are saying. The older generation may impose the idea of world domination, but that is not youth. And if I may try

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to interpret the answer of American youth as caught up in this Conference I think you would say to the youth of the world, we also don't want war. We hate it. We have no quarrel with you and we don't want to be marched and marshaled and flung at your throats. We want to help build a world in which everybody will have equality of opportunity. I think your answer would be, "We send you our good will, youth of the world: In Russia, in China, Japan, India, Europe, around the world; we broadcast our good will. And we say to you that we are going to organize that good will into a government where you and we can live out our destinies together. We are going to build collective security for you and for us. You may have your different civilization—we will have ours. We believe in the right to allow you to develop and you give us the same right, but under one loyalty—a world government."

If I understand it, I believe that is the message of youth to the world. And I'd like you to tell me before I go back to India and the Far East in a few days—to say to me—"That is our message. We have no ill will; we have only good will to everybody everywhere and we want to pool that good will into collective security for everybody, everywhere." I believe I rightly interpreted your collective choice.

And now I come to four personal life choices—choices that we can't make collectively; we have to dissolve at this moment into very intensely individual units, where each will be in the presence of God and make life choices. There are four great life choices I think you have to make. Before I come to them, however, let me say this, that the worth of a person's character is as to how much intelligent right choice has gone into that character. The battle of the mind is great; the battle of the emotions is greater, but the battle of the will is decisive. And you have now come past the battle of the mind and past the battle of the emotions to the battle of the will. Some people never decide. They allow the group to decide for them—they are not voices, they are echoes. They are not persons, they are things. The thing that de-

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cides it for them is, "Everybody does it." They go into the shrine of the heart and bend the knee to public opinion. At this moment we refuse to take that as an attitude. Now some people can be sex-controlled, or sex-centered, or self-centered, or herd-centered. I am asking you today, as I would ask myself, to be Christ-centered. Somebody wrote me of a certain woman who might have been tremendously effective, had great powers, but she never decided anything. She wrote me these words, "This woman never lights, she's always hovering. Never gets to a decision—therefore, ineffective." And so we come to the moment where we are going to try under God in this wonderful atmosphere of like-minded youth to find our way if possible to four right life decisions.

First, *the choice of a life-work*. When God made you he broke the pattern. He's never made anybody like you, never will again. You are unique and you can give a unique contribution to life. You are important in the scheme of things. God and humanity *need* you. God has a plan for your life. When he thought you out, he thought out a plan for you. Find that plan. Outside of that plan you can't succeed; inside of that plan you can't fail. Find that plan and get behind you a sense of mission and commission, that you are working out a destiny, a divine destiny, and that you are the center of a destiny. How do you get that life plan?

May I suggest that you get aside in the quiet, alone; perhaps you can do it right here. Surrender yourself and your life plans into the hands of God. And look up into his face and say, "I am no longer my own nor are my plans my own; you've got me and my life plans. I'll listen; you speak." See what rises to the surface in that hour. See what begins to grip you. Get information about it. Consult others. If it is still gripping you, perhaps then your life work is there.

God guides us in a number of ways, supremely and perfectly. Through Jesus of Nazareth—that's our general guidance. When in doubt do the most Christ-like thing—it can't be wrong. Second, he guides you through the counsel of good people—a lumi-

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nous word and the way is clear. Third, he guides you through opening providences. Here's a need. Here's my life. I can match my life against that need. Through that opening providence, that is God's call. Very often he guides us through our heightened moral intelligence. When the mind keeps close to him and the emotions warmly embrace him, and the will is responsive to him, you become luminous within and you begin to think better and come to right conclusions. That's God's guidance to you. And then he guides through the inner voice. The voice speaks from within.

I will never forget the moment of my own life guidance. I took a letter from the Mission Board, laid it out on a chair and knelt before that chair. I said, "I don't care where my life is lived or how, just so you will show me where you want me to go. I am at your disposal. I have to answer that letter from the Mission Board asking me to go to India. When I answer this letter it will perhaps decide my life work. What is it?" I was very quiet, but the inner voice said, "It's India." I rose from my knees knowing that that simple voice was decisive. I have never regretted it. I have never felt like turning back. I knew this was the way. It may be that in the quietness of this hour as I read in a moment some of the world's needs, that same inner voice will speak to you. Or it may be the coming to a heightened moral intelligent choice. It may be the counsel of good people. It may be an opening need. In one of these ways, God will guide you.

There are five great spheres of life into which I think he might send you. Politics is one. We need Christian statesmen to put God down through the collective choices of this nation and the life of the world. I wish we could send them into politics with a dedicatory service, saying go and put God into the collective choices. He might send you into business to make it something new—not a scramble for profits but a pulpit from which you can preach God in business. Into the professions—some profession, the home, for full-time Christian service at home and abroad. Get the consent of your parents if possible in that choice, but if not

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you may have to go on without it. Then give everything that you've got to the working out of that choice. Discipline your life to great ends in the carrying out of that choice.

And now I gathered together some of the world's needs for full-time workers. As I read them off I would like for you inwardly to say, "Is that for me? Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth." The Methodist Church will need a thousand ministers a year for the next ten years in the United States. We will need a hundred directors of religious education, from fifty to a hundred social workers, both urban and rural. Deaconesses, fifty a year. Teachers for Christian schools and colleges, fifty a year. Recruits for Methodist hospital nurse training schools, twenty-five hundred a year for the next four years. Other personnel for Methodist hospitals and homes, three hundred a year for the next four years. And now we lift our eyes to the horizons across the seas—*Africa*: We need twenty-eight teachers, eight doctors, fourteen nurses, twenty-eight social and religious workers and ministers. *China*: Thirty-six teachers, eight doctors, ten nurses, twenty religious and social workers and ministers. *Japan*: Twenty-nine teachers, two doctors, four nurses, twenty ministers. *India, Pakistan, Burma*: Thirty-nine teachers, twelve doctors, eight nurses, thirty-four ministers. *Latin America*: Thirty teachers, one doctor, three nurses, twenty-five ministers and social and religious workers. *Malaya and the Philippines*: Twelve teachers, two doctors, two nurses, fourteen ministers. Added to these: engineering and industrial arts, seven; agriculture, eight; business, seven—they make a total of 411.

But now Japan comes with a special call. There is a Fellowship of Christian Reconstruction. They want forty college graduates to go in 1948 to Japan in a great venture of fellowship and service for a three-year term. This is the plea: "Send us a group of your finest Christians to help in the tasks of reconstruction. We need them desperately, not to rebuild the rubble of our cities, for we in time can do that, but to help remold the lives of our youth. We will put them in the most strategic places we

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know, in our schools where day-by-day influence of the Christian life will count for much. They must be effective workers; they must be willing and able to endure the privations and hardships of our life today. Above all they must be people of humility and love with a genuine religious experience they are eager to share. Send enough and send them in time, for the opportunity may pass." I urge that upon you.

All together, the needs are for about five hundred in the various portions of our work at home and abroad—more than that for the home base, of course. Suppose a thousand young people today would say I am ready for any one of those places I can fill. Out of the thousand we would probably get in the end five hundred. I would like to see a thousand young people say, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

George MacDonald once wrote to Keith Faulkner as he went to the East, "Here is a working way to live: First, it is man's business to do the will of God; second, God takes on himself the special care of that man; third, that man, therefore, ought to be afraid of nothing." I give it to you. It is your business to do the will of God; God will take on himself your special care; and you should, therefore, be afraid of nothing.

Secondly, I pause for a moment, and just for a moment, in regard to *the choice of a life mate or partner*. I am afraid I can't help you in this choice. You will have to do the choosing. All I can say is that if it is love at first sight you had better take another look, for you will have to look a long, long time! And it is better not to be married than to be married to the wrong person. Let me urge upon you this, that if you are looking for a life mate it would be well to find that life mate within your church relationships. It has a better chance to succeed. The divorce rate in America now is one out of four, but among church people one out of fifty. The church helps people to live together, either on account of or in spite of. And find your mate within, shall I say, the evangelical fold, within Protestantism; it is more likely to succeed than if you try to bridge a gap between your faith and,

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say, a Roman Catholic faith. It's loaded in the beginning toward failure. Find your mate within your church life.

And then may I say this, that if you are approaching that hour, that beautiful hour of dedication, take to it a clean body, a clean mind, a clean soul. Bring purity to that marriage. To have sex intercourse before marriage or outside of marriage is a prostitution of the greatest instinct God ever gave us. C. S. Lewis says to have intercourse without marriage is like taking food into your mouth and chewing it and then spitting it out without assimilating it into the purpose of your life. Keep your body, your mind, your inner spirit clean when you come to that marriage hour, and if you want purity in your mate, give purity as you come to the mating hour. And don't marry somebody to reform him. If he won't reform before he probably will not reform after.

The next great choice, the third, is *the choice of life habits*. Jesus had three simple habits in his life, three things he did by habit; I commend them to you. He went out and stood up to read as his custom was. He read the Word of God by habit. Second, he went out into the mountain to pray as his custom was. Third, he taught them again as he was wont or as his custom was. Three things he did by habit: He read the Word of God, he prayed, and then he passed on to others what he discovered and found. May I suggest that you put into your life those three great life habits. Read the word of God, wash your thinking every day before you go out into the world, wash your thinking in the mind of Christ. He will speak to you through this word. Second, pray. Be in a state of receptive passivity. Listen to him. You go out with the consciousness that a hand is upon your shoulder and that guidance is within you. Third, pass on what you have discovered and found. I would like to see the ten thousand young people of this great convention become witnesses, active positive witnesses in the communities where you live, and in your homes. I know of one university where the Christian group in that university took the names of every single person in that university and they said, "We are going to witness to every single person in that univer-

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sity, give everybody a chance to take a stand for Christ." They are all out and they are going to win. I would like to see this group say, "We are going out with no apologies, with no pride, and no better-than-thou attitude, simply and humbly to tell what we have been finding and discovering." I would like to see this group become a witnessing group. It would shake America. I believe that you can do it. I believe that you will do it.

And then I want to say one or two negative things about life habits. They are not really negative, but are positive in regard to some things that I think you ought to be negative toward. If there has come into your life, or the temptation has come for you to take to intoxicants of any kind, here's the hour to say, "I break. It's decisive, I'm through." All taking of intoxicants is a failure of nerve. Only the weak turn to it; strong people never do. It's an escape mentality; it's crutches for lame ducks. It isn't smart; it's just weak. I said that in Malaya and in Penang in the Straits Settlements. An Englishman went out of the building, went straight to the bar. He said to the bartender, "He's right about it; nevertheless, give me a crutch." Now when they ask you to take a drink say, "No thank you; I'm not a lame duck and I don't need a crutch." The people who try to make it smart are trying to turn an inferiority complex into a superiority complex. For it is only the weak, the frustrated, the people who have no resources on the inside, who try to take them from the end of the bottle. It isn't smart; it's just weak, putridly weak, and we should let the world know that we see through the whole business of propaganda of trying to make us sots in the name of freedom.

Now I am going on to something else which I hesitate to take, but I would be untrue to myself and to you if I didn't. It's the habit of using intoxicants or a pick-me-up in the shape of tobacco—cigarettes. I do not say it's a sin. All I can say is you can't afford, if you are going to be at your best, to weight your life down with them. You will find that it is handicapping you. Tunney said that if Joe Louis would smoke for six months, he could knock him out although he had not fought for ten years. Why?

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Because Joe Louis would cut down his efficiency. I said to the football coach at Yale, "Do your men smoke?" He said, "Of course not." I said, "Do you forbid it?" And he said, "No." And then I said, "How do they do without it?" He said, "Well, of course, they know that they could never make the team if they did smoke so they voluntarily let it go." They could never make the team!

Why clutter your life up with this handicap, and why burden yourself with a necessity which is not there until you create it? Suppose this group of young people would say, "All right, we're through. We don't need it; we won't take it." What would it mean? In hard cash it would mean a saving of perhaps \$730,000 a year. If this group would say, "We're through, no extra burdens or handicaps in my life," another thing would happen. Perl, the great Johns Hopkins University medical statistician, said, "Between the ages of thirty and forty-five, the heavy casualty ages (though other ages have their casualties, too), the mortality rate is double for the smokers over non-smokers. The moderate smokers use less than ten a day; he says the heavy smokers are more than ten a day. The moderate smoker is halfway between the ages of thirty and forty-five, the most productive ages of life. The mortality rate is double for the heavy smoker, ten or more a day, over the non-smoker. In other words, you sign away one-half of your life expectancy in those most fruitful years of your life. Anybody would look at this fact and say, "An intelligent decision would mean that I would add half a life expectancy between those ages, I should double it; if I take this other I shall cut it in half." I commend that to you. I believe your own conscience and intelligence commends it to you more strongly than I could, and I hope we will break the tyranny of the propaganda of this country which has organized itself in exploiting the youth of America and of the world. Youth and senile old women, gray-haired old women, trying to be smart!

Let me come down to the final choice, *the choice of a life faith*. You've never had any faith and now you come to the moment of

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choosing it. No one has the faith unless he stands up and says, "God helping me, I can do no other, I choose." What is the center of your choice? Not to be good, you are not called to be good; not to be useful, that makes youth still the center; you are useful, you are good; not even to be Christ-like; *you* are the center still. The center of your choice is to be found in Romans 1:5, "Called to belong to Jesus Christ." The center of your calling is not *to be*—the center of your calling is *to belong*. The great law of life is that you've got to lose it to find it. And you don't know how to live unless you take this life of yours, which is yours, and say, "It is not mine now; I turn it over to thee, O Christ. You've got it." Then the basis of your life is shifted from yourself to him. Then out of your belonging to him everything else flows. You are good because you belong to goodness. You are Christ-like because you belong to Christ. You are useful because you are in the stream of something that is deathless and worth while. The center then is, not for you to have to do this, do that, or the other; the center of your choice is to belong to Christ.

Can we bet our lives on it? I was in Russia and Russia hit me pretty hard. One day I went to my Bible for reassurance, and found in the Scripture this verse, "For we have a kingdom which cannot be shaken." "Oh," I said, "we have a kingdom, the Kingdom of God, which cannot be shaken." Unshaken Kingdom! The civilizations of the world are shaken to the depths but the Kingdom is unshaken, it's there. I lived on that verse that day. The next day I came back again, and a few verses below, a verse rose out of the Scripture and spoke to my condition these words, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever." I went out of Russia with those two things in my mind and heart: an unshaken Kingdom, an unchanging person. They were two then, that was some years ago. Since then they have become one. I saw that this Kingdom was embodied in a person. Jesus went out preaching the gospel of the Kingdom. The new order of God upon earth. And then before he was through he began to preach himself, "I am the way, the truth, the light." Were they two messages, the

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Kingdom, the order, and Jesus, the Person, or do these two come together? They came together. The Kingdom became personalized in the person. They saw he was the order, the absolute order, embodied in the absolute person. So if I have a relationship with him, I have a very tender, personal relationship from person to person, but more, I have a very intimate relationship with the new order, an absolute order, totalitarian, demanding a complete obedience in the total life. Then my religion becomes at once, tenderly and intimately personal, and at once social. Not now individual, now social, but by its very nature, both.

We, then, have the answer, and Christ is the answer. The Christ embodying the absolute order, the Kingdom. He is the Kingdom, personalized. And when you submit to him you submit to the Kingdom, as one. And so you are taken hold of by a completely totalitarian demand. The question marks fly fast through your mind. You say, "We are getting away from the totalitarianisms." I know and I present a deeper, a more total, totalitarianism. It's absolute, demanding the innermost thought and outermost rim of human relationships. But a totalitarianism, in which when you obey it, you find perfect freedom. I don't argue, I only testify. But from what I belong to him and from what I belong to myself, lowest at his feet, I stand straightest before everything. Bound to him I walk the earth free, a conqueror. I only realized myself and my freedom when I realized he's got me to my depths. Here is the totalitarianism which the world has been seeking. For through these half answers of these lesser totalitarianisms, we didn't know what it was. This is it. God's answer. And you of America, the youth of America, are now giving yourself to a totalitarianism which will bring you perfect freedom. And that's the message that you are to give to the world.

Now the hour has come for us to say the word. I remember that I sat in an audience one night, as a young man of seventeen. The minister pointed his finger to where we were seated, and said, "Young men, Jesus said that he who is not with me is against me." It went straight to my heart. I had been brought up in the

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church. I attended Sunday school. I had been exposed to the whole thing, but I knew inwardly that I wasn't living. I was still living for myself. I had never made the choice. I didn't want to be against, but when I knew I was, it shook me to my depths. I turned to a chum with whom I had made my decisions for many years. I said, "I am going to give myself to Christ and follow him, will you?" He thought a moment, and said, "No, I am going to see life first." We parted; he took one road, I took another. He said he was going to see life through his own desires; I said I would see life through higher desire, the will of God. We parted and we didn't see each other again for thirty years. At the end of thirty years we sat down together, and I said, "Remember the night we parted; you took one road and I took another. You said you were going to see life and I said I was going to see life. How did you come out?" His eyes dropped and he looked confused; he said, "You wouldn't approve of the way I am living." And after he told me what he was doing, I said, "No, I am sorry I can't." "But," he said, "it looks as if you had found life." I said, "Yes, and I found it the night I found Christ." But he said, "I better come on over your way." I said, "You should have done it thirty years ago; you've wasted thirty good, creative years—your best."

Now today the same choice comes to many of you young people. You've been exposed to the church. You are in the Methodist Youth Fellowship. But perhaps you've never said inwardly, "I belong to him." Today you are going to say it, and you are going to say it now. I was about to speak to five thousand young people and I was being introduced by a girl who was poised and radiant and intelligent. Someone turned to me on the platform and said, "You see that girl? Six months ago she was the most disorganized girl in this whole school—now look at her." What had happened? She had found a faith around which life revolved. From disorganization she came to organization. She found her life center and she was centered in Christ instead of herself, her sex, or the herd.

Today you are going to find a center for your life. You are go-

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ing to say, "Yes, he's got me to my depths; I say it with a YES that carries everything with it." Some people live on the level of instinct, others on the level of duty; some on the level of grace. You've been living perhaps on the level of instinct—then you are going to say, "I am going to clench my teeth and I am going to be good." Don't! Turn to grace and say, "I won't try to be good—I surrender to goodness incarnate, in Jesus. I am not trying to lift myself by my bootstraps—I am surrendering to an absolute goodness, that because I belong to him he will make goodness spontaneous and easy, and like a fountain within me. I won't try, I'll let go and trust." I'd like to put the three levels of life this way: There is the sewer level. Some people get down amid their passions, that's the sewer level. Others live on the street level—do what the other people do. Others live the sky level—their feet on the ground—but their heart and their heads are in the sky, listening to God and getting power and resources from him. Some of you have been living in that sewer. Some have been living on the street level. Now today you shall say, "By the grace of God, I shall still be on the earth but my head will be lifted, for he's got me, got me at this moment!"

Now everybody goes into the shrine of the heart and bends the knee to something—something they need, the fear of society. Something they need—to passion. Something they need—to themselves. And today we are going to bend our knees to Christ!